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# LAYS

FROM THE CIMBRIC LYRE,

WITH VARIOUS VERSES.

BY GORONVA CAMLAN,

"CIMBRI, PARVA NUNC CIVITAS, SED GLORIA INGENS."

*Tacitus.*

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TO

THE LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST,

WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR HAS NO PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE,

FROM WHOM HE HAS RECEIVED NO PERSONAL FAVOUR,

AND FROM WHOM HE EXPECTS NONE,

THESE POEMS ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

IN TOKEN OF ADMIRATION AND GRATITUDE,

ON ACCOUNT OF KINDNESS TO A PEOPLE OFTEN CALUMNIATED,

AND STUDY OF A LITERATURE LONG NEGLECTED.

861866





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## PREFACE.

POETRY is the voice of Nature speaking by numbers; and whoever has embraced most widely, or sympathised most profoundly with, the emotions of mankind in general, will, if otherwise qualified, give Poetry its largest and truest utterance. It should embrace in its scope whatever hopes or fears, affections or passions, and whatever crimes or delusions enter into the existence, or disturb by reflection the inner world of humanity. To be perfect in its standard, it must be universal in its range, not fearing to address those whose converse is among the stars, and not disdaining to exalt the simple, and offer incense on the altar of the hearth. But of such universal sympathy, supported by such a sound and enduring temper as would be required, we may despair, until haply some man highly destined hear and obey the call of his spirit's master. In the mean time, let those rank highest among the ministers of song, whose strain

is most imbued with a spirit caught from the echoes of eternity. Let the heavenly be counted above the earthly, the pure above the sensual, and the deep groaning of fervid, though clay-bound imagination, higher than the polished keenness of even the soundest sense. The bad may have their poetry, but it must partake of their badness; not in so far as it is poetical, but in so far as it is of tainted origin. The mere man of the world, who counts prudence the chief virtue, and misfortune the greatest vice, may breathe his aspirations in poetry, but his strain will aspire to little beyond the ken and instinct of its author. The impassioned enterprise of lofty natures, and the gentle tenderness of the affectionate, must have the first and the second place. The poet will soar highest with the Aonian power, when the wings with which it supports him, are least clogged with the heavy atmosphere of sensuality and selfishness and earth.

We must not however forget, though poetry is the expression of many emotions, and may rise in proportion to the dignity of its subject, it has a sweetness and a merit which are all its own. The Aonian power has its proper dignity, which its true servants will not yield to another. Reach of fancy and finished art, the happy combination of ideas, and the lingering sweetness of chosen sound, whether simple or elaborate, are talents of the Muse's gift;

and we do her little honour if, wanting these, we praise on her account the mere teachers of morality. Let the latter have their due meed: but sermons are not songs; nor if the "Rambler" were in blank verse, would it immediately become poetry. For the same reason, neither are those whom good men lately have much extolled for their fair meaning, the drinkers of Isis rather than of Helicon, to be ranked first or highest among the brotherhood of poets. Their theological vinegar may be excellent in its kind, and good as medicine, but it is not wine. Thus also we may praise, with due respect, Akenside or Wordsworth; but we were traitors to our art and inspiration, if we endeavoured to enthrone them among the mightier masters of song. Nor let any one fear that morality and virtue will be deprived of their rightful sovereignty, if we hinder them from usurping the honours of another sphere. Rather let us believe that poetic excellence is, at least in one respect, like the wisdom sought by Solomon; it must be chosen without interest, and pursued for its own attraction; and it will teach a better morality more effectively than all the art of the schools. The many voices which mingle in the Homeric chorus, expressed with artless inspiration the swelling poetry of the people; yet their strains were wise, even to the wisdom of Plato.

So far I have spoken of the inherent dignity of what I would were my art; but I have learnt better than to claim for myself its laurels. My object so far was chiefly to assert a truth often silenced in the din and strife of an age bent only on what it considers useful and practical; perhaps also to conciliate the compassion of the more favoured brethren of the lyre, for one who approached to worship in the temple of the Muses, but, startled at his own footsteps on the solemn pavement, laid down his offering, and, conscious of unworthiness, departed. It is in sickness of heart that I close abruptly what was begun as a labour of love and hope. This preface, and the poems which it announces, are like the last sigh with which the drowning man attests his resignation and despair of life.

Here I would end, but that it remains for me to justify the spirit in which the largest part of the volume is conceived. No such justification might have been necessary, if I had been able to confine myself to my original intention of merely attempting to embalm in verse certain local and national sympathies and traditions. Little blame could have attached to such an effort. It may indeed be philosophically true, that every soil is the brave man's country: experience may also shew that an excess



of local attachment may be injurious to the emigrant, and tend to retard the general spirit of enterprize. Still it would be allowed that the feeling of patriotism in some shape is as innocent as it is natural, and within due limits may have the happiest effect. It teaches the tenant of each rugged Ithaca contentment with his lot of comparative hardship, and consecrates the idea of country as an altar, on which we may sacrifice the thoughts of selfishness, and from which we may snatch a flame to light us forward in noble actions. By hallowing the past, it brightens the future. Nor is such a feeling necessarily narrow or exclusive. For as the man whose affections are kindled and exercised in the family circle, does not therefore hate all other families, but sympathises with those feelings and interests of others which he has learnt to value for himself; so by prizing our own country highly, we prepare ourselves to respect with a larger heart the patriotic affections and hopes and rights of mankind in general. Thus the patriot is also the philanthropist. We see this principle developed on a small scale in the local enthusiasm of particular counties, which does not render their several natives worse subjects of the empire. Most truly can I say for myself, that no feeling really *un-English* enters into the mingled atmosphere of sentiment and imagination with which fancy invests

our own mountain land. I might hesitate, like most people who have studied mankind on a large scale, before I appropriated to John Bull all the peculiar virtues of which he claims somewhat too exclusive possession. Not the less however I am bound to Englishmen by far too many ties of education, friendship, and gratitude, ever to cherish in myself, or intentionally to raise in others, any sentiments towards them save those of kindly feeling and brotherhood. It would indeed be madness if I were capable of meaning otherwise. My object was only to embalm here an ancient legend, and there a living characteristic, which might be worth snatching, by means of song, from under the threatening train of steam-engines and schoolmasters: thus to attempt on a small scale for Wales, what abler hands have effected for other portions of the kingdom; to remind my countrymen that we too have an illustrious past; that if we have little direct share in the English worthies, we have their fellows in the temple of fame. Now there is no general reason why such an embodiment of patriotic sentiment or tradition should contain anything bitter or offensive. Particular circumstances, however, may tend to give it something of a *polemical* character; and little as such a character accords with my own wishes or the serene atmosphere of poetry, its existence in the following

pages cannot be altogether denied. Before any wise critic condemns its introduction, let him consider whether there is not a cause. Let him compare, for instance, the different tone of our elder and our recent literature on what may be called the ethnography of our island. Now in the great writers of the Elizabethan era, and their immediate successors, we are struck by the eye of unity with which they regard the well-mingled population of Great Britain. So far are they from considering the old British race as either alien or vassal, that they delight in honouring it, and consider its trophies and its virtues as in one sense their own, as forming part of the inheritance of the nation. With what pride Spenser enumerates the early kings and the achievements attributed to them, as he traces the genealogy of his Queen into the dim regions of British story! How reverential is the language, though mixed with playfulness, in which Drayton consecrates his learning and poetry to the same subject! What a tone of national sympathy Shakespeare seems to utter in his *Cymbeline*; and how kindly is the ridicule which still leaves *Fluellen* more than respectable! Fletcher, in his *Bonduca*; Massinger, in his *Virgin Martyr*; Milton, in his *Comus*, where he calls the Welsh "An old and haughty nation, high in arms," and even far more strongly in his *Latin Poems*; have all something of

the same broad community of feeling. Ben Jonson is somewhat more cynical, but, on the whole, good-natured. It does not appear then to have struck men, that a single element, and that probably the rudest in our mixed population, ought to be for ever magnified, to the disparagement of all others, and almost to the denial of their existence. Of late, however, that *astorgia*, or want of natural affection, which seems growing upon us, and which has chilled so many of the relations between man and man, has made itself felt as regards the races of Great Britain. Ever since the time of the notorious Pinkerton, an inclination to disparage the eldest inhabitants of our soil has crept more and more into our literature;\* it has become the fashion to represent them as surviving only as a species of Gibeonites; to disentomb and enshrine with exclusive honour the barbarous names of their invaders, and to speak, in the style of Mr. Quincy Adams, of "the Anglo-Saxon race" inheriting the earth. The great influence of the *Times* is constantly employed with mischievous ability in pandering to the self-love of those who, by a strange misconception of their own history, suppose them-

\* I notice with pleasure a kind-hearted and generous exception in the recent Essays of Mr. Beresford Hope; with whom however my agreement on matters of fact is as qualified as his own with Mr. Barry.

selves exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Even the *Daily News*, from whose general liberality of tone better things might be expected, was not able to refrain, in a recent number, from founding upon a doubtful etymology a sneer against what it miscals the Celtic race. In whichever of the three kingdoms a poor Celt may have been born, he can scarcely take up an English newspaper, but he finds himself and his birth and kin either disparaged, or, by implication, annihilated. A stranger to our history might infer from the tone of our periodical literature, that these same Saxons either found our island as desert as that of Robinson Crusoe, or exterminated all previous inhabitants; or at least that they possessed some qualities so brilliant as to render them alone in Great Britain thenceforward deserving of mention. He would subsequently be surprised to gather even from Palgrave and Turner, that there was no such previous blank, and that no such extermination took place: that, according to Welsh traditions, the Loegrians, forming about a third of the ancient population, coalesced and coexisted (though in an inferior rank) with the Teutonic invaders. If he added to these the numerous descendants of those Britons who all down the western coast unquestionably maintained comparative independence, and made due allowance for the vast contributions from these sources year by

year to the ever-mingling population, he could not avoid the conclusion, that even in central England there exists at this day no such thing as a distinct Saxon race, but that the whole people are mixed and blended for good or evil, like rivers mingle in the ocean. Nor, indeed, is there any other theory which will satisfactorily explain the appearance at this day of that curious compound, the English character. Let it not be supposed that I am about to depreciate the great people of Germany. The trophies of their thoughtful intellect are as much beyond my censure as they have little need of my praise :

“*Neque ego illis detrahere ausim*

*Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.*”

The merits and the faults, however, of the German character are essentially different from those of the English. The strongly-marked individuality of character, the willing loyalty with the impatience of personal restraint, the surly frankness of speech, the tenacity of constitutional government, the mechanical skill, the commercial activity, the power of holding fast religious belief, with unexampled quickness in seizing upon practical improvements, the sound and logical sense, and all the main characteristics of the Englishman, have no parallel in Germany. Their parallel however may be found, with their original, in the character of the ancient Britons, as described

by Tacitus in his Life of Agricola. The contrast I have suggested will appear stronger to the reader, who notices not the educated German, but the peasantry\* of Westphalia and Lower Saxony, of whom Niebuhr affirms in his Lectures, that they are probably not more civilized than their ancestors in the days of Arminius.

But we need not pursue odious comparisons. Enough has been said to suggest at least suspicion as to the justice of some prevailing prejudices; and to prepare the reader for the principal poem in this volume, which endeavours only to assert the large contribution of the indigenous race to the general inheritance of our country. Such an object is at least not mischievous; the very attempt presupposes no hostile or jealous spirit, but rather the desire of friendly esteem: and although it may be met with ridicule, I am not without hopes that it may help to call forth a more liberal tone than has prevailed on this subject.

If the above main point were attained, I should

\* Or the "drab-coated" Germans of Pennsylvania, of whom Mr. Lyall, a one-sided and most unwilling witness against anything Teutonic, tells us, that they are slow to improvement, averse to roads, and *cannot be brought to see any dishonesty in the principle of repudiation*. In William Howitt's "German Experiences" are some curious revelations even of the mother country.

care less for the mere ethnological controversy in which my peculiar studies have tended to involve me. As long, however, as ingenious people renew with fresh fallacies Pinkerton's theory of "mighty Goths," and represent the children of the Northern night as superior to the day which for a time they overclouded, so long it will be a temptation to oppose them. My semi-poetical defence may not perhaps be exactly what might proceed from a pure philosopher. If such a person's ears were dinned by *Athencæums* and *Edinburgh Reviews* with one unceasing jargon about the superior qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, he might perhaps quietly shew, by a large induction of the names of tribes and the structure of languages, that the distinction between Goth and Celt is purely imaginary: that what the vulgar ethnologist calls families of languages, are but arbitrary divisions; in each of which the two outside terms are more nearly akin to what has preceded and what follows, than they are to each other. He might also argue, that what are called characteristics of races are the effect of circumstances: that if the tide of population was to continue flowing from the east, the first comers must constantly be pushed westward, and that the progress of migration might thus be reduced to a mechanical problem: that the Hesperian tribes which preceded the Teuton



and the Goth, and which are confused together as Celtic, displayed a large share of vigour and manliness in bearing back the superincumbent pressure of nations, often even turning the tide as far as Asia itself: and that it is no wonder if their half-wrecked survivors, “*reliquiæ Danaum*,” maintaining their freedom in the tempest’s home between the mountain and the sea, and struggling for a subsistence with Nature in her strongholds, should retain indeed the essentials of civilization, but by a comparative backwardness in modern inventions leave room for the charity or censoriousness of their more fortunate neighbours.\*

Some such large and comprehensive view as the above might possibly suggest itself to a philosopher. “*Nos numerus sumus*.” I do not profess to be superior to the common prejudices of mankind, and speak not as a philosopher, but as an advocate.

\* I waive mention of the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, which is not at present in my brief. When people argue, however, that the strange phenomena of trouble and discontent in Ireland must imply some strange defect in the character of her inhabitants, we may fairly ask for any similar case in which it has been attempted *to reconcile the forms of freedom and the realities of conquest*. In any like case the effect would not be very unlike. Things would have gone better if we had either the courage to withhold the pretence of freedom, or the fairness to refrain from enforcing conquest.

Now English ethnologists generally tell us there are two races, or families of nations, of which one may be called Celtic, the other Gothic or Teutonic. Be it so: we adopt their recognised distinction. They proceed to tell us that each race has its characteristic complexion and physical features. To this again we humbly listen. Many of them go so far as to say that the physical and mental character of each race is indestructible, and that certain virtues or vices may be predicated of each as definitely as of certain breeds of horses or cattle.\* Our attention is gradually aroused, and we begin in self-defence, naturally if not wisely, to examine our own history and character, and those of our neighbours. The result of our examination, ethnologically speaking, is pretty much what follows.

We find in early times throughout the west of Europe a widely-extended race, divided into various nations and tribes, but supposed to have certain characteristics of language and descent so far in common as to distinguish them generically from the Teutonic nations who lay immediately to the east, or the Slavonic to the north-east. As the Germans

\* Non meus hic sermo. This has been for years the constant tone of writers in several English periodicals extensively read. With such writers, the *soul* generally goes for very little.

took their classical name from a single tribe, so from a comparatively small division of this Hesperian or westerly race, it has generally been classed as Celtic. Perhaps, however, as the elder and the more recent Germans are classed as Low and High, so the Hesperian nations fall into two large classes, of which one may be called Celtic, the other Cimbric; this latter comprehending probably the Belgæ. Under the first class may be arranged the Irish, perhaps the Gael, and the inhabitants of what was Celtic Gaul; while to the second belong the Belgæ, the ancient Britons south of Dumbarton and Edinburgh, and in the present day the people of Brittany, Wales, and Cornwall. What those Spaniards were, who were not Iberians, we need not here attempt to decide. A minute description of the people we are dealing with would require terms as diverse as the countries which they inhabited. It is clear, however, that in comparatively recent times they extended southward at least as far as the Rubicon, and formed not less than half of the population of Italy. Reasons not contemptible have been given for supposing that the original Rhamnes, the Cascan conquerors, from whom Rome herself sprang, may have been their offspring: it is certain that their ruder tribes often shook her power, and forced her to contend not for empire, but for existence; while from their growing

civilization they contributed to Rome some of her greatest names. When the ablest general of the ancient world conquered Gaul, a work of ten years' toil and difficulty, so far were the natives from resembling, as superficial people wildly suppose, the prowling savage of America or the fullgrown child of New Zealand, that, as Gibbon accurately remarked, "that great nation was already divided into three orders of men—the clergy, the nobility, and the common people."\* Nor was their civilization a thing of a day. Their kings are called "*longâ opulentia clari*." Their appeals on the eve of battle are in the name of their ancestors and their ancient glory, to preserve or to recover traditional greatness. The eye of the Roman invader fell not, as in Germany, on the "*magna corpora, tantum ad impetum valida*," of the dwellers in forests, dressed in skins, living only by their herds, and whose greatest pride was in the extent of pastoral waste which surrounded their habitations; but upon crowded houses, "*creberrima ædificia*;" upon a people† whom he describes

\* Vol. i. chap. 13, under the year 287.

† It was only natural, that when compared to the iron discipline of a Roman legion, their tactics and their courage should appear irregular and uneven: yet what can be finer than the following instance of steady self-devotion at the siege of Avaricum? "There happened," says Cæsar, "within my own observation, a circumstance worthy of

as one of extreme ingenuity, “summæ solertiæ;” who had large iron-works, and who were familiar with every kind of mine; whose artificial dress he learnt to imitate, adopting at the same time its name (braccæ) into his language; upon an agriculture, in which the artificial mixture of various soils as manure struck the philosophic Pliny as a valuable invention. In proportion, indeed, as you approached the confines of Germany, the people appeared more warlike, but their civilization less; as you receded, and their natural refinement had room to develop itself, the civilization appeared greater. On crossing to Britain, we find a state of things generally alike; we find the use of chariots, which implies at least a country tolerably cleared; the working of iron, that great criterion of social advancement; a species of trade,

record, which I should think it wrong to omit. A Gaul was employed before the gate of the town in passing balls of pitch and suet, handed him from [his countrymen in] the tower, into the fire [directed against our works]. He was transfixed by a missile from an engine on the right, and fell lifeless: as he fell, one of those nearest at hand strode over his corpse, and continued to discharge the same duty; the second was killed by a similar missile, and in a moment succeeded by a third; and the third by a fourth: nor was that critical spot left unoccupied by defenders, until our works were beyond danger of conflagration, and the battle ended in the general dislodgement of the enemy.”—*Bell. Gall.* VII. 24.

a metallic currency, and the familiar use of letters resembling the Greek, in all public and private matters.\* The little knowledge we have of the lofty doctrines and mysterious hierarchy of the Druids only enables us to say, that they must have contributed to raise the character of the people. So indeed Lucan thought. Nor is it correct to suppose that their influence was limited to a mere caste. The sons of nobles, and what we should now call laymen, shared their instructions, which extended in some cases over the scarcely credible period of twenty years. Hitherto we have been speaking of the time of Cæsar; and it is something to know that our ancestors had, at least, "never fallen off" (as Coleridge phrases it) "to either of the two *aphelia*, or extreme distances from the generic character of man, the wild, or the barbarous state; but have remained constituent parts of the *stirps generosa seu historica*." Look but a few years later, and you have Cunobelinus, the contemporary of Augustus, whose numerous coins still remain: later still, and you have the

\* I place more stress on what Cæsar *saw* than on what he heard of. Even if his hearsay reports of the interior were correct, they would only shew that there were some tribes in Britain not superior to the forest Nomads of Germany; but we can scarcely doubt that they are a mere expression in narrative of the vulgar philosophy of the progress of human society.

temple, the bath, and the forum ; eloquence studied, and the powers of the British intellect acknowledged amid the fulness of Roman civilization. We need not dwell on the Christianity whose wings outstripped the Roman eagle, or on many sacred names, which tempt me to linger. Let it suffice to remind the reader, that whatever may have been the faults or shortcomings of our ancestors in the fifth century of the Christian æra, they at least cherished the light freshly caught from the very lamps of our Lord's Apostles, and the civilization of the ancient world was their inheritance. True, they did not escape that strange tempest of nations and races, when the hand of heaven seemed raised to summon from all the ends of the earth every element of wrath and terror, to crush like the potter's vessel the empire which had been of iron. The fair cities of Asia, from whose ruins we are, as it were to-day, raising the veil of mystery ; the sunny plains of France and Spain ; and the spoils which Italy had amassed from a subject world, were overrun and plundered by the Goth, the Vandal, the Hun, by hordes, of whom each shewed that it was possible to be more savage than its predecessor. Our island so far shared in the general ruin, that it received as allies those who became its masters. Does however the comparative downfall of an elder and gentler people imply also

that they merit only censure or contempt? Very differently judged the more generous instinct of uncorrupt humanity, as manifested by the literature of all Europe for centuries. The large heart of the middle ages rejoiced to cherish and consecrate with its sympathy and its song the repeated struggles and favoured champions of a nation whose retreat westward was like that of Ajax facing his foes. Hence Britain became to Europe what Troy had been to Greece and Rome, the old theatre of valour, the favourite scene of ennobling fiction, and the nurse if not the mother of Romance. We must allow something for the confused echoes of classical literature; but it is probable, if not certain, that either our own ancestors or their kinsmen in Brittany contributed the earliest writers as well as the subject of the Arthurian Romances. The very light of Ariosto was indirectly caught from this humble source. Nor is this all. As the captivity of Greece became the intellectual conquest of her captor, so our blood and our genius, our music and our laws, leavened the coarser clay and inspired the duller intellect of our soil-disant conquerors. I will not here dwell on the massive strength of character which at once caused and redeemed many faults in the Tudor dynasty; nor repeat the great names which the reader may find elsewhere mentioned: but will place my finger in



passing on an element in the English character, which is (I do not say of Welsh, but) of British origin. It is that tinge of practical romance, a something between chivalry and enthusiasm, which so often redeems the pages of our history from savage bloodshed and dull commonplace. In a word, it is the spirit of La Roche Jaquelein; or, if you prefer it, of Flora Macdonald. You see it historically in such men as Raleigh, Sidney, and Drake, in the Cavaliers, and sometimes even in the Puritans, of our civil wars; and it meets you every day in that deep under-current of feeling and fancy, which tinges men of whom you would have thought the only characteristic was strong common sense. I have been struck by this particularly in the Scotch; and I find it in our people: in the tenantry, for instance, of a poor and rugged district in North Wales, who lately offered and entreated that the aggregate of their rents might be raised five hundred pounds, rather than that their farms should be sold away from their hereditary landlord. Such men might be at fault in Regent Street, and may be ridiculed in the *Times*; but I shall never cease to thank heaven that they are my countrymen.

It may however be said, "Admitting our friends the ancient Britons and their descendants to possess some respectable qualities, were not their virtues far

surpassed, or at least equalled, by the ‘Anglo-Saxon race, who are to inherit the earth?’” This question may be answered not by any prejudiced Celt, but by the very lucid and graphic description of Hume. That cool-headed writer thus expresses himself in summing up the question: “*With regard to the manners of the Anglo-Saxons we can say little, but that they were in general a rude uncultivated people, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanical arts, untamed to submission under law and government, addicted to intemperance, riot, and disorder. Their best quality was their military courage, which yet was not supported by discipline or conduct. Their want of fidelity to the prince, or to any trust reposed in them, appears strongly in the history of their later period, and their want of humanity in all their history.*”\*

Perhaps the reader would like another description of our Anglo-Saxon friends in their native country. It shall be extracted from Gibbon. “By a wonderful diversity of Nature, the same barbarians are by turns the most indolent and the most restless of mankind. They delight in sloth, they detest tranquillity. The languid soul, oppressed with its own weight, anxiously required some new and powerful sensation; and war and danger were the only amuse-

\* Hume, vol. 1., last paragraph in the Appendix.

ments adequate to its fierce temper. The sound that summoned the German to arms was grateful to his ear. It roused him from his uncomfortable lethargy, gave him an active pursuit, and, by strong exercise of the body and violent emotions of the mind, *restored him to a more lively sense of his existence*. In the dull intervals of peace, these barbarians were immoderately addicted to deep gaming and excessive drinking, both of which, by different means, the one by inflaming their passions, the other by extinguishing their reason, alike relieved them from the pain of thinking. They gloried in passing whole days and nights at table; and the blood of friends and relations often stained their numerous and drunken assemblies.\* Such was the social character of the invaders of Britain. Their mere brute courage no one wishes to deny. Now if they were the only ancestors of the people of England, we might make the best of the matter, and quietly say, their faults are not ours. Considering, however, what they overthrew, their success cannot be considered otherwise than a great though a temporary calamity. Doubtless in the end such dispensations work for good. One happy result was a greater tendency towards a central government; another was the refinement with which their rude masses were gradually leavened. The Normans and

\* Hist. Decl. vol. i. ch. 9.

their Breton comrades in arms did much to strengthen the gentler blood, and to recal the elder civilization. The revival of old traditions, the names of Cymbeline and King Lear, the Romances of the Arthurian cycle, became the joint property of the regenerated nation. From that day to our own, the “*Britannia capta*” has become more and more, in peaceful fields, the “*Britannia triumphans*” over her fierce captor. Like in troubled waters the turbid foulness gradually subsides, so in the sea of many voices in which the rivers of our diverse races have mingled, the purer element has gradually reclaimed its own. A friend once told me scoffingly, that he had discovered all Englishmen to be Celts by the mother’s side. He intended a sneer, but he ignorantly indicated a truth; the gentler and nobler qualities have come from the elder race. Wherever English history is brightened by deeds of desperate and romantic daring, wherever loyalty, faithfulness, and affection stand out prominently from the page, we can either trace the existence or suggest a fair probability of British blood. This circumstance seems to have partially struck the writer of a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Sir Francis Drake.

No solution or account of the English character and literature, which omits all calculation of British influences, can be considered satisfactory. Genius,

in one sense, is of no country; but yet our greatest minds, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, are stamped with a certain character, which, whether the fruit of climate, or race, or government, or religion, is at all events of indigenous and insular growth. Nor, indeed, in the highest range of the intellect, any more than in the practical and political arts, has Great Britain been primarily the borrower from Germany, but rather the lender. It needed all the influence of Wiclif in religion, and of Shakespeare in poetry, to awaken the heavy torpor of the Teutonic mind. Even Niebuhr, for whom my respect scarcely knows a limit, is by education and literary training as much an Englishman as a German. Too often, when the scale has been reversed, and we have allowed the German leaven to tell upon ourselves, we have learnt to our cost, that the mercenary cut-throats of the thirty years' war, the drunken passion of Frederic William I., and the licentiousness and coarseness of our native Hanoverian kings, are unsafe models for a nation which would not recede in all that adorns the society of mankind. Whatever good is peculiarly distinctive of Great Britain, has been the hardy offspring of her native soil, though not unwatered by other than Germanic influences, and sharing the blue sky which is over all.

It is not without painful reluctance that I have

forced myself to enter on a line of argument, which, to those who have not noticed the frequent provocation, will sound something like gasconade. I plead, however, the apology which has been suggested for Cicero, that he only asserted his own claims to honour, when they had been unfairly denied. Nor do I write without strong confidence, that if it were for a moment intended to create a spirit of vain-glorious boasting or sullen isolation even among the least considerate and most fanciful of my brother Cymry, their generally thoughtful and sober character would render such an effort in vain. Much-enduring patience, labour struggling with calm inflexibility against obstacles, and even too ready an acquiescence in the hymns of Anglo-Saxon self-laudation, have been ever their characteristics, far rather than idle vaunting or eager response to the appeals of pseudo-Celtic demagogue. May their fault ever continue to be thus on the right side, rather than in the other extreme. Yet, as in the youth of Schiller, even Germany, now so justly jubilant in her revived sense of nationality, required to be stirred by his manly tones from thoughts of despondency and self-contempt, so I would fain bid my countrymen be of good and stedfast heart. Let no Welshman be induced to lessen the quiet and manly self-respect which befits the children of a people

sometimes injured, and sometimes chargeable with human errors, but never utterly degraded. Still more, never let those who enjoy fortune, and education, and immunity from many temptations, impute to their less favoured countrymen and neighbours, as national sins, what are in very truth the mere effect of circumstance. This point I wish earnestly to urge. How often have I been fretted to hear some Londonized fop cry out against little homely provincialisms, as reasons for affecting contempt of his countrymen—and still more deeply pained to see high churchmen, in whom the acknowledged evils of our dissent had produced a harsh and polemical feeling towards our common people as schismatics, instead of kind consideration for them as compatriots and Christians. On the first of these two classes argument would be wasted: to the second I respectfully submit that any Christianity is better than none; that for the prevalence of dissent, not the Welsh people, nor even our Church so far as she is purely national, but certain Anglican influences and conventionalisms, and the bad dealing of a cold and latitudinarian age, are primarily responsible.

Most wonderfully, upon the whole, have our common people wrought out their own remedy; or rather, our Divine Master by their chequered movements has awoke us to jealousy. The eloquence of

their ill-taught teachers, the earnestness of their faith, their general acquaintance with parts, at least, of the Bible, and above all the existence of a literature in which quarrymen are authors, and such books as translations from Josephus form the literary food of petty farmers and peasantry, are sources of reflection in which the elements of bitterness are more than counterbalanced by those of healing. Evil undoubtedly co-exists, but let us not overlook the good. Nor for a moment let it be supposed that the infinitely petty larcenies and crimes, which to good people appear alarming features in some rural parish, are unparalleled elsewhere; but be assured that human nature, when once removed from Eutopia, does and will display in similar circumstances not very dissimilar results. Before you pass wholesale condemnation on your neighbours for some petty fraud, or poaching, or drinking, or even premature childbirth, test them not by romance, but by realities elsewhere.

Enough however has been said to suggest the clue to my ideas for those of my immediate countrymen who choose to follow it, and to redeem, I trust, my promise of justifying to the general reader the spirit in which most of the following poems have been written. Fain would I have ended with the hope

———“*veterum primordia rerum*

*Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Britannæ.*”



But, alas! when I consider the greatness of my object, and the miserable nothingness of these bald and disjointed essays in prose and rhyme, the old and sad avowal rather rises to my lips,

“Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,  
Me quoque, qui scripsi, judice, digna lini.”

Let some one abler undertake my work. In the mean time, may these attempts at least do no harm; and on this score some good-natured critic will perhaps give me the pleasant consolation administered by a French priest to a repentant infidel, sighing over the injury his work might have inflicted on the interests of religion: “Reassure yourself, my son, the attack was very feeble; it will soon be forgotten, and can do no harm.”

Other verses in the volume scarcely require preface. They are, for the most part, the genuine offspring of some real feeling,\* or at least some passing imagination, rather than of a mere desire to write. Nor have the generality of them been written without some regard to the discipline of our art; though with many I am, on reconsideration, too little satisfied myself to expect warm approval from my

\* The reader, however, is requested to remember, if indeed he needs, a caution given elsewhere, against supposing that every poetical fancy or supposed reminiscence is necessarily personal.

readers. But if success in poetry is a feat for extraordinary praise, a tolerable failure can scarcely be so criminal as to deserve rude censure or affected contempt.

The verses more immediately religious can, I trust, give offence to none; though they are written with a plainness not unbefitting the subject and its appropriate expression, rather than shrouded in the reverential ambiguity which some might prefer.

Upon the whole, I commit my book to its fate and the benevolence of its readers.

FIRST Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;  
Then back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

COLLINS.

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"DOUBT not, O Poet, but persist. Say, 'it is in me, and shall out.' Stand there, baulked and dumb, hissed and hooted ; stand and strive, until rage draw out of thee that *dream*-power which every night shews thee is thine own . . . . . Thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season . . . And this is the reward, that the ideal shall be real to thee."—EMERSON.

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"IN short, he was the very Don Quixote of nationality ; and his powers of lauding his beloved country seemed perfectly inexhaustible. 'Do not suppose, my dear Sir,' he proceeded, 'that my eyes are blinded by partiality for my native country. On my honour, I feel myself as free from national prejudices as it is possible to be. I see all the excellencies of other nations ; and admire the peculiar virtues of the Englishman, the German, the Swiss, the Italian, the Spaniard. Nevertheless I cannot help giving . . .to France the palm' . . ."—HENRY MASTERTON.

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"VERY homely done it is, I am well assured, if not very rudely : but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the poverty of those who so imperfectly uttered it ; you will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales, my lord the prince, and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very garden and seedplot of honest minds and men. What lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools ! what industrious students of your laws ! what able ministers of your justice ! Whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes ? whence hath your court or council for the present more noble ornaments or better aids ? I am glad to see it and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered, and most loving liberty ; yet it was never mutinous, an' please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion."—BEN JONSON.

## ERRATA.

Page 54, line 1, *for* Brenbyn *read* Brenhyn.

„ 92, „ 17, *for* this *read* his.

„ 151, „ 1, the comma after *come* should be after *rather*.

„ 170, In the Latin motto, *for* venti *read* veriti.

# LAYS

## FROM THE CIMBRIC LYRE.

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### THE BANQUET OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

With open hand the Saxon came,  
And lured us with his daughter's smile—  
What knew we of the smouldering flame?  
Woe, woe the time.

We gave him place in Thanet isle,  
And linked with hand in fair accord,  
Too late we learnt the Teuton wile,  
Woe, woe the time.

O simple Monarch,<sup>1</sup> keep thy sword;  
But they have all their belts unbound,  
Four hundred Princes round the board;  
Woe, woe the time.

The blood-red wine, the mead go round,  
Right soon a bloodier red shall shine ;  
“ O harp, O harp ! why fails thy sound ?

Woe, woe the time.”

The Harper broke his loftie line :

“ Now turn me, or I may not play,

“ Oh, turn me from that blood-red wine,

“ Woe, woe the time.”

“ Now by the gods, thou Harper gray,

“ In blindness and in age thou ravest ;”

They spoke with minds bereft of day,

Woe, woe the time.

“ Demon, thy shadowye plume thou wavest,

“ My King, my Princees, own thy call,

“ Wilt thou not help them, Lord, who savest ?

“ Woe, woe the time.”

The wine, the mead go round the hall,

And merrilie the laugh is heard,

Onlie the harps are silent all,

“ Woe, woe the time.”

Fowler, why spare the captive bird ?  
Now is the night, the hour of slaughter,—  
Too late, my countrymen, ye stirred,  
Woe, woe the time.

Their generous lives are spilt like water,  
Their sceptre passed to foes abhorred,  
All for the Saxon's<sup>2</sup> fair-haired daughter,  
Woe, woe the time.

Onlie Caerloio's loftie lord  
Cleaving alone his corse-paved way,  
In ruin reared his vengeful sword,  
Woe, woe the time.

As at his feet their bravest lay,  
Atoning for their treacherous crime,  
Well might the savage Monarch say—  
“Woe, woe the time!”

IMITATION OF LLYWARCH HĒN.<sup>2</sup>

COLD is the wintrie wind and wave,  
 Forlorn the lightning-shattered tree ;  
 But colder is my children's grave,  
 And more forlorn my lot, ah me !

All nature mourns the throstle's song,  
 Even the forlorn and blasted tree ;  
 So for my children's voice I long,  
 And all forlorn my lot, ah me !

Bright was the summer-shining sky,  
 And verdant once the blasted tree ;  
 So were my children brave and high,  
 So was I happie once, ah me !

The summer sky will smile again,  
 But ne'er shall spring the blasted tree ;  
 My sons will in their grave remain,  
 And still forlorn my lot, ah me !



The throstle will renew his song,  
Though not upon the blasted tree ;  
I for their voice in vain shall long,  
And still forlorn my lot, ah me.

Nought but the axe or tempest's rage  
Shall visit now the blasted tree ;  
So for my wearie pilgrimage  
Nought but the grave remains, ah me !

## ANEIRIN'S ESCAPE FROM CATTRAETH.

" And bold Aneirin all bedripped with gore,  
Bursting by force from the beleaguered glen,  
Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,  
Not meek and mean, as Gay misunderstood."

*Whistlecraft.*

WE were left but three<sup>1</sup> in number,  
Onlie three who yet drew breath ;  
For they came upon our slumber,  
And they turned it into death.

There our comrades lay around,  
Recking from the blood-red hand,  
We alone maintained our ground,  
'Mid the Saxons' murderous band.

Then cried Conan in his wrath,  
    " If we die, Aneirin brave,  
" Let us drag along our path  
    " Fellow victims to the grave."

I had hastened to destroy,  
    Ere he spoke his tardie word,  
And I laughed with bitter joy,  
    As I fleshed my hungrie sword.

Though the English weapons flashed  
    Like a flame around the glen,  
Headlong in the midst we dashed,  
    And we quit ourselves like men.

Then might alien mother weep,  
    If we met her son in strife,  
Then the piercing sword drank deep  
    From the inmost fount of life.

Like the tempest-riven wood,  
    Like the torrent-cloven wave,  
So their lances, as they stood,  
    To our furie passage gave.

Till we blessed the happie light,  
As we reached the farther side ;  
We had broken through their might,  
We had trampled on their pride.

When we seemed in darkness lost,  
Thus our valour wrought us day,  
Through the hundred-handed host,  
Thus we clove our corse-paved way.

## THE CONSOLATION OF OWEN GWYNEDD.

*Erat aliquod solutium in armis.*

OLD Owen<sup>s</sup> in Diganwye's hall  
Lay darklie mourning for his son ;  
Like maniac rapt by ghostlie call,  
Or maid deserted and undone.

In vain the minstrel swept the chord,  
And vain the priest's more solemn art ;  
No gentle smile, no friendlie word  
Could melt the iceband round his heart.

A palsie, not of sickness born,  
A drunkenness, but not of wine,  
A wilderment of woe forlorn  
Lay on him like the wrath divine.

Then asking help, and vengeance came  
A sufferer from the Norman power,  
With tale of rapine and of flame  
By robbers from Montalto's tower.

There came a wakening o'er the King,  
There came a gleaming in his glance;  
Then cried he, "Sound the gathering!"  
Then looked he on his sword and lance.

"I see," the kindling minstrel cried,  
"The sword's quick stroke, the flame's fierce glare,  
"The taming of the tyrant's pride,  
"The wild wolf taken in his lair."

Few words the old King deigned to say,  
And swift the host in silence trod;  
Silent like plague upon its way,  
And swift like destined scourge of God.

Dark as the night around them cast,  
Full soon the battlement they scale,  
Then slept the centinel his last,  
Then woke the garrison to wail.

The Norman, when the curfew rang,  
Foresaw not how his sleep would wake ;  
By shriller sound than trumpet's clang,  
And ruddier light than morning's break.

Brave was Sir Guy, and proved in strife,  
Yet fell by Owen's mightier hand ;  
None in that hour had care for life,  
But slaked in blood his thirstie brand.

Then from afar pale Chester saw  
The rolling flame, and crumbling wall ;  
Almost she heard in helpless awe  
The grinding sword and suppliant's call.

So, when the spoiler's rod was broken,  
So, when the wild wolf's lair destroyed,  
The King returned, with vengeance wroken,  
And in bereavement grimlie joyed.

PRINCE MADOC<sup>6</sup> AT SEA.

THE winds were wrath, and the tempest wild,  
And the frail bark rent by the billow;  
The Prince looked fondlie where lay his child,  
And the rude surge foamed on his pillow :

“ Rest thee, my gentle boy,  
Rest thee, my bright-eyed joy,  
While the storm’s rough music fill thy ear,  
Rest thee, my gentle boy, nor dream of fear.

“ Little thou carest in tranquil rest,  
Little darest the angrie wave, boy,  
Far better, oh ! better, beneath its breast  
I would see thy quiet grave, boy :  
For gentle were thy sleep  
Low in the pearlie deep,  
Far better than fall in tyrant’s hand,  
Where the Saxon spoils our father’s happie land.”

Thou Tempest raving with harsh-toned sound,  
Hollow roaring wind o'er his slumber,  
In lowering ruin and darkness round,  
In perils and griefs without number,  
Yet pleasantlie he fareth,  
My brave boy little careth  
For the winds' wild war, and thunder riven —  
Oh, spare his childhood, spare him, gentle heaven !

The night is dark, but the day will rise ;  
Let us go, where fortune may bear us,  
To happier lands, beneath brighter skies,  
Where the foe no longer may scare us :  
Then pleasantlie, my child,  
Thou'lt wander in the wild,  
Although fair Gwyneth's prince no more ;  
Rejoicing in the free untrodden shore.

THE GHOST OF THE LIVING.

A LEGEND OF THE PENMAEN ROCKS.

THE morning rose, not wreathed in flame,  
Nor scattering roses as she came,  
    With joyance round her form ;  
But gray clouds mantled o'er each giant limb,  
Anger sat gloomie on her features grim,  
    And slumbering in her lap the storm.

Then from Eternitie's abode,  
Two diverse spirits wingéd rode,  
    Each on his rapid path ;  
This bright as light, clad like the silverie dove,  
That like Hell's hounds, who chase our souls above,  
    Thwarting their heavenward way with wrath.

Wondrous they clove the lonelie sky,  
And midway met in conflict high  
    Alternate rose and fell :  
Like dark-blue hern and hawk in aerie strife,  
Fighting they flew ; and triumphed death or life  
    As rose the scale of heaven or hell.



Now by Montalto's war-swept tower  
Stooping to earth like fate they lower  
    Above the slumberer's head ;  
Fitful his sleep, now soft like heavenlie dew,  
Now racked by feverish dream with death in view,  
    In turn as those high pleaders sped.

“ Drops, not of wine, are on his hand,  
Cries, not for mercie, from the land  
    Defiled with blood ascend :  
Look on this law divine,—this gives me power ;  
‘ *Cursed the murderer;*’ I know my hour ;  
    Nor calm his sleep, nor blest his end.”

“ And who art thou, who not of awe  
But malice wouldst avenge the law,  
    Which needs no help of thine ?”—  
“ What I am, little recks ; the day of doom  
May find me written in the scroll of gloom ;  
    Yet now I wreak the wrath divine.”

“ Triumph not, cruel, ere thy time ;  
Learn, that from Heaven to darkest crime  
    Mercie holds out her hand :

Learn, there are fountains, where the murderer's stain  
Is washed to virgin white, and God's own rain  
Clothes with fresh flowers the wintriest land."

"What he, who poured out blood like water?  
What he, whose unrepented slaughter  
Still taints the pregnant gale?—  
Come out, thou guiltie soul, nor think to sleep;  
Come at my potent call, and where the deep  
Heard wail thy victim, thou shalt wail.

"Thou mayest moan in drunken woe;  
Still must we both companions go,  
Mastered by accents high:  
Now have we reached the shore, the scene of death:  
Here wander to and fro, here hold thy breath,  
Here catch again his dying cry."

So walked he on the desert shore  
Along the rocks he stained with gore,  
Startling th' indignant foam;  
Young men and old beheld the guiltie sprite,  
And nature wondered, how in midday light  
His suffering ghost was fain to roam.

Oft have I heard the peasant tell,  
How trembling in that stormie dell  
He saw the dark ghost stray :  
No answer made he to their wildered cry,  
No man by speed or wile could e'er draw nigh,  
Though open to the eye of day.

But when the west was bright with flame,  
And miner's nightlie labour came,  
Then was the enchantment riven ;  
Then to his jaded frame, unblest by sleep,  
The guiltie ghost went back, and murmured deep  
How, as men slept, strange dreams were given.

But ever through his waking hours  
Mercie and love with all their powers  
Strove with his heart of stone :  
Terror went with them, filling vacant space :  
And conscience to his eye brought back that place,  
Whispered his ear of that last groan.

While ever strove that fervent spirit,  
Lest human justice might inherit  
Her sad though rightful prey ;

Prayers from all Christian men he bore on high,  
And by the orphan's want, the widow's sigh,  
Forbade th' uplifted sword to slay.

But with the morn came back the hour,  
The dark avenger knew his power  
To dry up slumber's dew :  
So for nine wearie years in sleepless woe  
The murderer's spirit mourned ; and moaning low  
Walked dailie where the sea-breeze blew.

Not till began the tenth slow year,  
Wayworn and sad with manye a tear,  
Men saw a widowed form :  
“ Help me,” she cried, “ my children as I lead  
To seek our kindred ”—and as men gave heed,  
She paid them with her wondrous tale.

It was a day of gloom and woe  
When Robert muttered, bending low,  
“ My Marye, I must fly :  
Delay were death,—my parting must be broken ;  
But if thou e'er hast loved me, let my token  
Bring thee to follow love's strong tie.”

Seareelie his last sad words were said,  
When on the scent, like bloodhounds, sped  
The ministers of law :

I trembled like an aspen, when they told  
How fierce his reckless ire, how over-bold  
His red hand wrought that deed of awe.

They cursed him in both worlds for ever ;

*“ No shade could hide, no rolling river*

*“ Could cleanse, or ample sea :”*

God help me if I sinned, but as I heard,  
Methought some outrage keen his soul had stirred,  
For he was ever kind to me.

So I went forth in dull alarm,  
One infant hanging on my arm,  
Another by my side :

We asked no alms,—I durst not tell my tale ;  
But heaven was gentle ; and I ceased to wail,  
Once more when Robert I espied.

By nightlie toil our bread he found  
In gloomie caverns underground,—  
That was his happiest time ;

For when he seemed to sleep, all horrid dreams  
Preyed on his soul, and fitful fierie gleams  
Passed o'er his brow, deep stamp't with crime.

I did not dare to share his bed,  
For wondrous voices overhead  
Passed darklie to and fro ;  
And as I watched, there was a sound of wings,  
Dim signs of strife, like when the raven wrings  
His carrion from the hungrie crow.

But in the year before he died,  
There came a pale-faced man, who cried  
Of wrath and doom for wrong ;  
No hireling he, who cons his lesson o'er,  
But God's own messenger, whose accents bore  
Hearts like a flowing tide along.

And when in sad and altered mood  
Trembled the stricken multitude,  
His voice had gentler tone ;  
He told of love unquenched by manye waves,  
And of the LAMB of GOD, whose offering saves,  
Whose ears are open to our moan.

Unbroken like a rock, apart,  
Yet trembling from his inmost heart,  
    Robert would sit and hear ;  
Then in strong prayer his lips would seem to move ;  
Then he shed blessed tears ; and hope and love  
    Seemed mingled in his trance of fear.

So he grew calmer day by day,  
And in his wearie strength's decay  
    Still cried for help divine :  
The priest grew paler as he heard his crime,  
And trembling left the house—but yet in time  
    Gave him the blessed bread and wine.

And when he died, I heard no more  
That dark dim conflict as before,  
    Though sound of wings was there :  
Perchance I dreamt, but in my waking hour  
I felt strange whispered joy, and heavenlie power  
    Seemed floating on the pregnant air.

And when we rendered dust to dust,  
And heard how from the grave the Just  
    Shall rise by God's behest ;

I asked the priest what lot his soul befell :  
Grave but not stern he said, " I cannot tell,  
    " But hope his spirit has found rest."

Calm went the widow on her way ;  
Nor ever from that golden day,  
    The peasant on the lonelie shore  
Saw wandering ghost, or heard his fitful moan ;  
But rock-bound wave and wind reclaimed their own,  
    And laughed in joyance as of yore.

## A BALL

### THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

WHILE the crowded hall yet beams with light,  
    And the fair fair forms yet glide before me,  
While the hearts are glad, and the eyes are bright,  
    And enchantment dimlie hovers o'er me,  
        Let the old year pass away—  
        It has had its day—  
        So in merrie mirth  
        Let us see its end—  
        Hurrah for the birth  
Of another, a happier friend !



Let the music quicker beat the air,  
And provoke the lingering step to dancing;—  
Come and dance with me, my bright-eyed fair,  
Let us join the giddye maze entrancing;  
Let me see thy beaming eyes  
While the old year dies;  
Let me feel thy arm,  
Let me hear thy sigh;  
In the power of thy charm  
I could bear with the year to die.

But, alas! I heard her soft words spoken,  
And they could not soothe the midnight hour;  
I received of tender love the token,  
But my spirit would not own its power.  
The old year will not perish—  
It bids me cherish  
Dark thoughts that come thronging  
Of the hours gone bye,  
With a quenchless longing,  
And regret that will not die.

Then arose the shades of all I've lost,  
And of her whom once in vain I loved,

And before my eyes the shadowie host  
Of remorse and dim remembrance moved.  
Let the dance and music cease—  
Give me quiet peace ;  
For in silence holie,  
Apart from all eye,  
And in melancholie,  
I would now see the old year die.

## A BRIDEGROOM'S SONG.

Now the blessed words are said,  
Now the sacred ring is given,  
Now the time of doubt is fled,  
Now we've reached our earthlie heaven :  
Let thy radiant beautye shine,  
And dry these tear-drops, Marye mine.

Hang not on thy mother's arm,  
Look not for thy father's smile :  
Though in maiden's fond alarm  
Thou may leave them for a while,  
Am not I for ever thine ?  
Then dry these tear-drops, Marye mine.

I will be to thee a father,  
I will be to thee a mother,  
Look on me, and risk thou rather  
All on me than on a brother :  
Smile on me, my fairest bride,  
And care not for the world beside.

Nothing shall our love alloy,  
Nothing shall our hearts dis sever ;  
In our sorrow and our joy,  
Marye, we are one for ever ;  
Come with me in joyful pride,  
And care not for the world beside.

## WOMAN'S CHOICE.

*" Sir Charles ended as poor as he began, but as spotless ; leaving to his widow only the memory of his gentle virtues and the immortality of his name."*—QUART. REV. ON SIR CHARLES BELL

Ask the maiden, whether gold  
Glitters in her brightest dream ;  
Ask her, if she need behold  
Love with anye borrowed beam ?

No—she seeks a better treasure,  
Tells you of a truer charm,  
Dwells on some fond heart with pleasure,  
Reaching head, or manlie arm.

Ask the wife, when cares surround her,  
Does affection's promise fail?  
Would she change to whom she bound her,  
Soldier brave, or student pale,  
Could you bring what worldlings honour,  
Give her wealth and rank at will?—  
No, by heaven, she leans more fondlie,  
Leaning helps her loved one still.

Ask the widow, pale and lonelie,  
Bending to the grave her tread,  
Does she mourn that she has onlie  
Mem'rie of the worthye dead?—  
“Go, and let me keep,” she answers,  
“As in life, in death the same,  
“Let me keep his tender image,  
“And the glorie of his name.”

THE HALL OF THE NATIONS.

THE Sun behind the snowie Alps went down,  
And sparkles from his chariot-wheel of fire  
All o'er the tinted hills and sky were thrown,  
While gazed the lingering eye with fond desire.

Yet not for all the pomp of mountain hoarie,  
Nor that fair<sup>s</sup> lake which slept in calm delight,  
Nor olive green, and waving palm-tree's glorie,  
Could aught arrest my wandering thought and sight.

Even from that famous lake and shore of gold  
My wayward heart to Cambria fain would roam,  
To her, who was my mother, where of old  
Valour and Faith and Freedom found a home.

And I was pining for my own green land,  
And wondering should I sleep upon her shore,  
And mourning, ere a garland from my hand  
Could deck her brow, that I should be no more.

And as I wept in passionate emotion,  
And dreams came sweeping o'er me like a storm,  
Behold, like cloud arising from the ocean,  
Of more than human majestic a form.

“And who art thou,” with fearless awe I cried,  
“Who art alive, but not with mortal life,  
With human shape, but more than human pride,  
Whose ruling glance can calm my spirit's strife?”

“Know me for Merlin,”<sup>9</sup> he replied, “of old  
Famous and honoured in thy father's land,  
The wild diviner, who to Arthur told  
How Victorie should gild his starrie brand.

“And since of old a boy by Vyrniew's stream  
I saw thy young heart free from selfish aim,  
And fondlie yearning in poetic dream,  
To wake once more the harp of Cambrian fame;

“Therefore I come, permitted, from my place  
Where I shall dwell until the dreadful day,  
And will unroll the fortunes of thy race,  
Teaching thee yet a high mysterious lay.”

“ Yet say, great Prophet—I must ask in dread,  
Wert thou not fast by faerie magic bound ;  
Or are the minstrels false, who feign thy bed,  
Confined by Viviane’s<sup>10</sup> wile in cell profound ? ”

“ They knew not of the power of Merlin’s spell,  
Who dreamt,” he answered, “ I should be for ever  
Bound in the magic of that flowerie cell ;  
For I have might all fetters to dissever ;

“ And I can move at will o’er land and wave,  
Shrouding in aerie robe my viewless head :  
But gladlier far I dwell beyond the grave,  
And hold high converse with the mightie dead.

“ Arthur is there, with all his knightlie throng,  
And Liowarch found upon that heavenlie shore  
The children whom his age deplored in song ;  
No sword nor billowie deep shall part them more.

“ And there too are the great of elder storie,  
Hector, the hope of Troy, with wife and child ;  
Beside the mightier Greek, whose perfect glorie  
No more is dimmed, all anger reconciled.

“ Sparta’s Three Hundred brave, with laurel crown,  
And lost Plataea’s children tower sublime,  
And he whose fierie valour trampled down  
The Persian pride, and ruled the Orient clime.

“ There too the Spirits cast in Roman mould,  
Cæsar, who saw and conquered as he came,  
Fabius and Scipio, and Camillus old,  
Joined with the last free Roman’s soul of flame.

“ From gentle France to Britain reconciled  
Great Charles is there, and Roland’s flashing star ;  
The gartered Edward, Henrie, Monmouth’s child,  
And Marlborough, lord of courtesie and war.

“ Great Cromwell’s spirit, dark no more with crime,  
Is pardoned for the royal blood he shed ;  
Onlie his loftie fame has conquered time,  
The gloomie wrinkles from his brow are fled.

“ But of the mightie band in light arrayed  
None have surpassed our long-lost Arthur’s fame ;  
He sits above the rest, and high displayed  
Are all the wondrous triumphs of his name.



“From him flowed all the stream of fair Romance,  
And Chivalrie disdained the tyrant’s rage ;  
His light illumined those high Peers of France,  
And dwelt on wild Ariosto’s living page.

“And near him Milton” strikes the harp divine,  
The blind old man renowned, of British blood,  
And Shakespeare utters now a loftier line,  
The Bard who dwelt by Cinbrie Avon’s flood.

“Nor less are heard inspired with fire sublime  
Our own true bards in azure-mantled train,  
Mightie and wild in song, though war and time  
Have left small trace of their prevailing strain.

“We reckon not of the silver-footed hours,  
Which glide unheeded in those mansions fair,  
Dwelling serene ’mid amaranthine bowers,  
Immortal music floating on the air.

“No tear, or sound of mourning enters there,  
Nor pain, nor tediousness of pining age,  
Except for helpless men a pitying care ;  
Therefore I now unroll great Historie’s page.”

He spoke, and lost in wonder at his tale

I gladdie followed, and at length it seemed,  
As if a gate of cloud and shadow pale  
Had opened at his order, and I deemed,

That we had entered in the hollow ground,  
And we were passing underncath the wave,  
And saw the treasures of the deep around,  
And dark-haired Nereids in their pearlie cave.

Until at last we reached an ample space,  
Where shadowie forms and dismal spirits wandered,  
And Merlin, gazing on my wildered face,  
Saw that in dizzie wonderment I pondered.

“Be not amazed,” he said, “nor sink with fear.  
For soon this twilight dim thy mortal eyes  
Will apprehend, and I will render clear  
The vale of death, and all its mysteries.

“Lo at the end, the manie-voiced hall  
Of nations and of tongues who yet survive ;  
And here in twilight thou beholdest all  
The elder of the earth, no more alive.”

Spirits were seen enthroned, with pallid gleam,  
O'er bones in darkness mouldering, piled on high,  
While dimlie stalked, like phantoms of a dream,  
Echoes and shades of old, with toneless cry.

There were the old Assyrian lords of earth,  
Whose towering pride would fain have climbed to  
heaven;  
And there that elder race, of Indian birth,  
Whose names are like the leaves at random driven.

The busie pomp of Ninus and of Tyre,  
The realms that bowed to dim Palmyra's sway,  
Their wisdom, love, and hate, and wild desire,  
All in that land of dark oblivion lay.

And there were Realms, of which we never heard,  
Whose glorious noon before our morning shone;  
Their names none know, their relies are interred;  
But we shall meet before the Judgment Throne.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Why should I linger in the place of gloom,  
Where only Ruin lived a life of death?  
Pass on, Aonian power, to that high Room,  
Where all the nations dwell who yet have breath.

Like some proud pier, that malgrè tempests' shock  
Encroaches on the Ocean's fretting tide,  
So were its strong foundations, bound in rock  
Of earth's primeval granite, formed to bide.

The ample arc of entrance o'er me towered,  
Higher and more majestic than the shade,  
Where ancient elm and chesnut have embowered  
The modest beautie of autumnal glade.

But when I entered, and beheld the place,  
Mute with admiring awe I shrank aside;  
Such majestic was there,—dull air and space  
Impregnated and full of breathing pride,

From Beautie's inspiration,—Beautie there  
With grandeur joined; and as I gazed around,  
Methought<sup>12</sup> I was a dwarf, and scarce might dare  
To hear in that high hall my footstep sound.

No one may ever dream upon this earth  
To see its equal, though on manie a shore  
He roam with pilgrim's melancholie mirth,  
Pondering in ruins on the great of yore.

Poor were the art of Greece in all her pride,  
And monuments of old imperial Rome,  
And e'en that temple fair on Granta's side,  
Where many a muse has found congenial home.

So I demurelie trod the solemn way,  
And lo ! by each high column at its base  
Each nation's genius sat, in due array,  
Sceptred and crowned, like king on day of grace.

And round about the pedestals there played  
The children of the tribes of reasoning men ;  
Pigmie they seemed, as flies in summer shade,  
Or emmets building in the sunnie glen.

There was the ancient loveliness of Greece,  
Awaking from a dark and troubled dream ;  
Her sword in myrtle clad and golden fleece  
Once more a tale of living glorie seen.

Yet was, methought, upon her lovelie face  
A shade that crossed her newlie-risen joy :  
Sad shame it seemed, that all her godlike race  
Should own the sceptre of barbarian boy.

But she who ruled at will the Western shore,  
Lay half reclined in majestie forlorn,  
Her lictors fled, her Consuls' rule no more,  
Her laurel garland shed, and rudelie torn.

Yet was an iron crozier in her hand,  
Instead of sceptre, and the twilight gray  
Shewed her like giant phantom, dimlie grand,  
With pallid shadow of imperial sway.

There beamed a heavenlie lustre round her throne,  
But earthlie clouds and superstition's gloom  
Polluted and abused it, and it shone  
Like ray in charnel-house of wrath and doom.

Her ministers of dark and subtle head  
Summoned the eager nations to their mart,  
And offered precious pearls, but gave instead  
Tinsel and glass disguised with cunning art.

“Great is her guilt,” said Merlin as I gazed,

“For while of manie sisters she was one,

Whose equal light should o’er the world have blazed,

And like the several stars harmonious shone,

“Waxing in pride she reared her statelie power,

And stretched her hands ambitious to the sky,

Bidding her elder sisters lowlie cower,

And own dominion wrested from on high.

“Hence burnt the war of tyrant and of slave,

The martyr’s stake, the persecutor’s wiles ;

And that dark chasm was made, like yawning grave.

Which rent the fair communion of the isles.

“And she has mixed with perishable clay

The uncombining gold of heavenlie birth,

And clothed in passion’s blind distorted ray

The truth inherited by common Earth.

“Manie there are who still endure the chain.

And love to tread the seven ambitious hills,

Drinking of cisterns foul with earthlie stain,

Sooner than Sion’s pure unfailing rills.

“ Child of ambition, nursling of the night,  
Her power shall live its brief allotted time,  
But soon will shrink from noonday’s fiercer light,  
And dwindle in the blaze of truth sublime.

“ Else, if she still retain her lawless throne,  
Ruin must do reluctant heaven’s command ;  
Her living Lord and Dread will claim his own,  
And sweep his garner clean with fierce hand.

“ E’en now behold her fetters cast away,  
Where dwells in purer light the Island Queen,  
Teaching the nations with humaner sway,  
With brow and smile of majestic serene.”

I turned, and wielding in her hand the storm,  
Britannia’s giant figure rose in view,  
On amber throne, and round her awful form  
The Genius of the deep his girdle threw.

The dragon<sup>13</sup> and the lion couching low  
Fawned, till she deigned their dreadful rage to wield;  
Calmly she smiled, like dread Minerva’s brow,  
When sleep the terrors of the Gorgon shield.



And at her side in sisterlie embrace  
Were two fair daughters, each like noble queen ;  
Equal in rank the third, nor less in grace,  
Yet sate apart, with half averted mien.

The elder of the two and fairer far,  
Was robed in melancholic beautie's charm,  
Yet with eternal youth, like radiant star,  
Unscathed she seemed by time or warlike harm.

Chieflie on her th' obedient dragon fawned,  
To her alone of living creatures tame ;  
For her of old his jaws terrific yawned,  
And with the wolf<sup>14</sup> had waged a strife of flame.

The younger sister was of ruder port,  
And somewhat fiercelie beamed her eye of pride :  
By force she came—but now in gentle sort  
All strife and enmitie were laid aside.

Her sons were large of limb, and void of grace,  
With greedie eyes on gain and lucre bent ;  
But dailie mingling with the elder race,  
In nobler harmonie their features blent.

E'en like a cloud, the offspring of the north,  
In lowering grandeur passes on its way,  
And for a while, like tempest coming forth,  
Its gloomie shade obscures the orb of day.

But soon amid the realm of golden light  
Its sullen brow receives another hue,  
Like some fayre castle reared with colours bright,  
Burnished it glows amid the vaulted blue.

"Now," cried the great Enchanter at my side,  
"Learn why the Pagan host with ruin came;  
Not all in vain our British heroes died,  
And brutal Teutons wrapt the land in flame.

"Brave in the field and gentle in the hall,  
Our fathers wanted common league and lord;  
Hence to the stranger came<sup>15</sup> the fatal call,  
And Discord laid them open to his sword.

"So was the great design ordained in Heaven,  
To bind the island tribes in fair accord,  
And from the elder race with nobler leaven  
Impregnate all the rude Teutonic horde.

“ Behold the blue-eyed Goths of yellow hair  
Wake to the power of fancie and of song ;  
The elder Briton’s inspiration fair  
Has filled the nation’s many-voicèd throng.

“ And from their mingling blood a people springs,  
For arts and arms and manliness renowned :  
Hark ! how their fame o’er Earth and Ocean rings,  
And lo ! their brows with living garland crowned.

“ Hast thou not heard how Alfred caught of yore  
The wisdom dropped from Asser’s<sup>16</sup> golden tongue ;  
How there he heard of Moelmad’s kinglie lore,  
And at the sage’s feet his harp he strung ?

“ Are not the glories of the Tudor reign  
By Memorie’s daughters consecrated still ?  
Does not that queenlie speech on Tilburie’s plain  
Through British hearts like sound of trumpet thrill ?

“ And clustering round her constellated throne  
Valour and wisdom beamed with song divine ;  
Heirs of immortal mind, whose names have shone  
With light that streamed from Glorie’s inmost shrine.

“ Who shall dare take the sceptre she has swayed ?

Who shall not dim the lustre of her crown ?

Ah ! not the feeble race, the self-betrayed,

Whom soon <sup>17</sup> our great Usurper hurtled down.

“ Not that I praise the violated law,

Or sacred rulers deem a vulgar thing ;

But when the mightie Criminal I saw,

Who would not bow to Nature’s mental king ?

“ Sternlie serene he silenced Britain’s foes,

And quenched the Alpine persecutor’s fire ;

While meet companion at his side arose,

Milton, with thunder breaking from his lyre.

“ Nor thou, hoar Learning, in thy cloistral awe,

Forget thy mitred patron, Penhryn’s child ;

True to his king, yet faithful to the law,

’Mid fiercest factions calm, and undefiled.

“ Let slanderous <sup>18</sup> bigots trample on his tomb,

Though Britain wept, and Heaven <sup>19</sup> avenged his fall ;

Learning, and Faith, and Freedom moan his doom,

Nor shines a purer name in Glorie’s hall.

“ Rude was of old the wealth of civic pride,  
In Britain’s mightier Rome, now dear to Fame ;  
Till from the lonelie Conwy’s<sup>29</sup> rugged side,  
Genius and art with bold Inigo came.

“ Nor less does she who erst Inigo fired,  
Kindle with breath divine our Gibson now ;  
The verie marble speaks, with power inspired  
By Arvon’s dark-eyed child of ample brow.

“ But who would dwell in palaces of gold,  
And breathe pale Luxurie’s infected air,  
While Thames alone polluted waters rolled,  
And Thirst was fain with Plague its realm to share?

“ Naiads, who dwelt afar in rural vale,  
Not loth ye heard our princelie Merchant’s prayer,  
And from your crystal urns, which never fail,  
Ye bade your waves obey his guiding care.

“ He spent the treasured fruit of manie a year,  
And poor once more to Cambria’s hills he came ;  
But calm in dignitie, without a tear,  
Trusted his high reward to heaven and fame.

“ And last of all, when underneath the yoke  
All Europe lay, and hugged the Gallic chain,  
Then, as of old, Britannia’s Genius woke,  
And sent our second Arthur to the plain.

Happie the land from which his mother sprang !  
Happie the mother who had skill to form  
Wellesley, whose fame o’er all the Orient rang,  
And him our champion in the angrie storm !

“ Say, where was then the Teuton’s vaunting pride ?  
Gasping and trampled into dust they lay,  
While o’er them France rolled wild her fierie tide,  
Till God bade Britain rise, the plague to stay.

“ Nor shall his comrade want the soldier’s tear,  
Heroic Picton, Cambria’s genuine son ;  
Britannia saw afar his laureate bier,  
And deemed herself in victorie undone.

“ Full manye a gallant heart of Cambrian seed  
In that stern contest guarded Freedom’s shrine,  
Beside the kindred Gael, whose blazoned deed  
Needs not the help of feeble harp like thine.

“ Nor these alone are ours, but manye a name  
Of England’s noblest, mightiest, wisest, best ;  
E’en those who reared her pinnacles of fame,  
Of Britain’s genuine seed, though scarce confest.

“ We shared in Talbot,<sup>21</sup> that grim lord of war,  
Whom thunderstricken France saw flashing dread,  
And statelie Pembroke’s line, whose name afar,  
The mirror of all chivalrie, is spread.

“ Hence were inspired those rude and churlish foes  
With gentle courage and chivalric fire,  
And hence unconquerable Freedom rose,  
Teaching the heart undaunted to aspire.

“ Therefore, behold the everburning flame,  
By that dark<sup>22</sup> beautie of the statelie mien ;  
This is the symbol of her living fame,  
Burning as long as she remain a Queen.

“ Others may see their flickering relic perish,  
But hers is like the solar lamp on high ;  
And from her living fount she deigns to cherish  
Her younger sister’s light, lest that should die.

“ But hark ! upon the air a floating spell,  
The murmur of an old majestic tongue,  
Even that of bards and kings ;—now listen well,  
And learn what sounds of old o’er Britain rung.”

So then I listened, and I seemed to hear  
A loveliness that only lived in sound,  
A voice of melodie as deep and clear  
As ever thrilled on old enchanted ground.

“ I am the Angel<sup>22</sup> of that ancient river  
Of liquid speech, that from the Orient wild  
Thro’ all the West has flowed ; whose sound has never  
Dwelt save with faith and valour undefiled.

“ Now my coeval sisters all are gone,  
Those godlike tongues of Greece and martial Rome,  
Why should I linger on this earth alone,  
And not re-seek my dim and ghostlie home ?

“ Onlye a moment, e’er I turn to dwell  
In that dark realm where all things are unknown,  
Fondlie I stay where Britain cherished well,  
And loved the music of my statelie tone.



“ I have exclaimed in childhood’s laughing hour,  
I have been sanctified by prayer of old,  
Breathed all the love of woman in its power,  
And thundered stern defiance from the bold.

“ Therefore I trust in those dear hills to stay,  
While yet the old simplicities remain ;  
But when ancestral virtue shall decay,  
Then must be ended all my ancient reign.

“ And yet, e’en then, though England may not deem,  
Traces will live in many a glorious name,  
In ancient town, and hill, and winding stream,  
And all the places best beloved by Fame.”

These were her words—and when she finished, still  
A fading sweetness lingered in the air,  
The ghost of murmured sound, whose quivering thrill  
Seemed ministering music to Despair.

Deep rapt awhile I stood in tearful pride,  
And mourned that lofty language soon must end :  
Nor far remote upon the other side  
I saw that gentle Queen, our ancient friend,—

Even Thee, O gallant France, on whose dear soil  
I never tread without exulting frame ;  
Most courteous Foe, with whom our frequent broil  
Has but entwined our mutual wreaths of fame.

Who has not read of death-defying deed,  
And desperate prowess wrought with lance and shield,  
When fierie Frank and Breton, once thy seed,  
Isle<sup>23</sup> of the mightie, met thee in the field ?

Since then the whirlwind storm with wing of night  
Stooped on the land in ruinous career ;  
But tranquil law, and Freedom's joyous light  
Chased forth the ministers of wrath and fear.

And now, like bright Apollo, all divine,  
She seemed for ever lovelie, ever young ;—  
Shine on, I cried, dear land, for ever shine,  
And spurn the slanders dropt from Gothic tongue !

Still may thy happie children round thy throne  
Be blest with innocence and honest smile,  
Nor ever may the trumpet's harsher tone  
Wake them to war against our Father's isle.

Still <sup>24</sup> with thy native valour rule the land,  
And let Britannia's navie sweep the sea ;  
No anarch rude, no tyrant shall withstand  
That union of the gallant and the free.

And by thy side, in sisterlie embrace,  
Be linked the dwellers of the Belgic shore :  
Thanks be to heaven, that old and gentle race  
Have spurned the yoke of Holland's sullen boor !

Nor less that statelie ladye <sup>25</sup> of the West,  
Whom not a thousand foes have trampled down :  
Her freedom wrought, she doffs her bloodie vest,  
And twines her raven locks with olive crown.

There too I lingered, where the cunning throne  
Of Teuton despot mocks the swelling waves,  
And heard the stolid People's <sup>26</sup> borrowed tone,  
Prating of freedom, yet for ever slaves.

They may have virtues which I do not know,  
They may have vices which I will not trace ;  
At least I speak them fair, like honest foe,  
Though manye a Goth has slandered Britain's race.

But there was One<sup>27</sup> of all the forms I saw,  
Whose place no longer knew her as of old ;  
Stricken and scathed, yet more than mortal awe  
Hung round the outcast wanderer from her fold.

The distant murmur of Siloam's wave  
Haunted her ears with unforgotten tone,  
And everie breeze that blew, to fancie gave  
The rustling sound of odorous Lebanon.

With restless step she wandered to and fro,  
Casting sometimes her pallid glance on high ;  
And now with timid start she gazed below,  
Trembling, and hoping her deliverance nigh.

Her lamp had dwindled to a flickering spark,  
Which yet seemed fed by gales of heavenlie breath ;  
Since never sanguine shower, or tempest dark,  
Could quench its light, or work its utter death.

“ Red is the wine,” the great Diviner cried,  
“ Which she has drank of the Almighty's wrath,  
Nor yet has mercie flashed, to scare aside  
The gloomie phantoms brooding o'er her path.

“ Yet will it shine in its appointed hour,  
Watching e’en now o’er Sion’s hallowed hill ;  
Since sure the promise of Eternal power,  
Though for awhile unseen, abiding still.

“ All other things may flourish or may fade,  
Catching a moment’s light, then lost in gloom ;  
Castle and throne dismantled and decayed,  
And realms and nations sinking in the tomb.

“ Forests, whose rock-bound roots defied the storm,  
Cleft by the slow assault of ages, bend :  
And loftiest pride and power, and manliest form,  
To dark oblivion’s chamber surelie tend.

“ But there are flowers whose fragrance after death  
Floats on the breezes of eternitie,  
Wafting on high their amaranthine breath,  
Where heroes dwell in pure felicitie.

“ Valour, ill-fated, may be trampled down,  
And faith be tried by sword and sevenfold fire ;  
But, generated still by their renown,  
There glows a spirit never to expire.

“ Therefore our old Britannia is not dead,  
Nor all her godlike sons of mightie birth ;  
But from her pure heroic seed were bred  
Our freedom and our laws, the pride of earth.

“ Now then, farewell ! and still, if thou art wise,  
Reverence our sires, the gentle and the bold ;  
Nor e’en on English soil neglect to prize  
The genuine relics of our great of old.”

He spoke ; and on my eyes a darkness threw,  
Leading me swiftlie as he led before :  
And when again the earth regained I knew,  
Silent I trod the dark and lonelie shore.

## THE DEATH OF LLEW-ELYN.

“ ARM for your hearth and home—arm, arm !”

The multitudinous alarm

Went out upon the breeze ;

A murmur o’er the mountains,

An echo from the fountains,

It has thrilled among the trees,

With a horror and a shiver,

Like the trembling and the quiver

Prophetic of a storm.

Then on the darling form

Of wife or child in slumber mild,

Silent and stern the Briton gazed,

Till wildlie from his bright eye blazed

The ecstasie of wrath—

“ Shall Ruin make its path,

“ Red with my infant’s blood,

“ Where my ancestral dwelling stood ?

“ By mountain rather and by sky

“ I swear, and by the Powers on high,

“We bow not to an alien lord,  
“While yet my single arm  
“Can wield my father’s sword,  
“While yet my best heart’s blood is warm!”—  
Brief was the stern and fond caress,  
And few the words of tenderness;  
Nor yet had risen earlie day,  
When destitute of fear  
The gallant mountaineer  
Is marching on his warlike way.

Proud was Llew-elyn’s princelie glance,  
When, gazing on the freeborn band,  
He saw their numerous ranks advance  
All linked in patriot heart and hand.—  
Hark! how the Earth of numerous tread  
Has echoed well the measured strain:  
The clang of arms and trampled plain  
Has pierced the mansions of the Dead.  
Thou hast heard it, where thou dwellest,  
Merlin, in thy cell profound;  
Thou hast heard it, and thou tellest  
To the mightie all around,



How soon the Harp shall call to weep,  
How soon its chords be smeared with blood,  
And all its old melodious flood  
Unmurmuring lie in cold and iron sleep.  
They know not of the coming gloom,  
They reck not of the fatal doom :  
And thou, of all our Royal line  
Dearest, and last ill-fated child,  
Thou gavest to the air thy sign,  
Our legendarie Dragon wild,  
And thrilled upon their hearts thy cry,—  
My children, by our Countrie's call,  
Our fame, our freedom, and our all,  
Once more we conquer, or we die !—  
They hastened to the ancient stream  
To bar the passage of the Foe :  
They heard not in their warlike dream,  
How all its murmurs were of woe,  
How sad and languid crept the mourning Wye,  
And spirits from the breeze gave back the sigh.

Come from the cloudie horror-brooding sky,  
Come to the carnage, dark-winged Raven,

Of old rejoicing at the Brenhyn's cry,  
Ye ate the flesh of Saxon craven.—  
I saw upon the river-arching span  
The mingling of the adverse band ;  
I trembled when the iron fever ran  
From heart to heart and hand to hand.  
It was the raging of the Ocean,  
And the burning of the flame,  
When on the Cambrian host in motion  
Horse and lance of England came ;  
Hastie Wrath and wild Alarm,  
Flashing Sword and failing Arm,  
Deep-breathed Rage and sullen Gloom,  
Blows and deadlie wounds were there,  
Triumphant clamour, fatal doom,  
And all the manlie muteness of Despair.  
But where, oh ! where is Britain's shield,  
Where is the lion-hearted lord ?  
Oh ! why are wanting in the field  
Llew-elyn's arm, Llew-elyn's sword ?  
Oh, woe ! deceived by foul accord,  
My Prince, my King, deceived and sold,

Within the wood, upon the sward,  
Thou waitest for perfidious friend,  
Oh, woe! most gentle and most bold!  
Oh, woe! that I must weep thy shameful end!

Hark! 't was a hollow coming sound,—  
Nay, 'twas the rustling of the breeze:  
Hark! it is now the beaten ground  
By hastie foot among the trees—  
'T was but a messenger who came:  
“ Lord of my heart, upon the bridge  
“ We combat like devouring flame,  
“ Or like the storm on mountain ridge.”  
Saw ye the Brenhyn's open brow,  
Heard ye his calm reply?  
“ I trust full well my people's vow,  
“ That on the place I bade them hold,  
“ Ever faithful, ever bold,  
“ They conquer, or they die!”  
The messenger is gone,  
And for perfidious friend  
Llew-elyn waits alone:

Oh, woe! that I must weep his shameful end!

Hark ! 'tis a hollow coming sound,—

Nay, 'twas the rustling of the breeze :

Hark ! it is now the beaten ground

By hastie foot among the trees.

Oh, Heaven ! behold the alien host—

Behold the treacherous alien lance :

All is over, all is lost !

They triumph in his proud despair ;

And knowing well the unarmed lair,

The bloodhounds on their prey advance.

Be silent, Harp . . . . .

. . . . . Ah ! well I know

The slave who slew him turned aside,

And trembled as he dealt the blow :

For Saxon churl could never brook

The lightning of Llew-elyn's look,

The smile of long-descended pride,

And glance that flashed from dauntless eye,—

“ With honour I have lived, with honour will I  
die ! ”

O wail for Gwyneth's hope and pride,

Wail bitterlie for Gwyneth's shield :

Who now shall stem the iron tide?

Who now the Cimbrie sword shall wield?—

Break into woe, my wailing Telyn,

Thy joy must perish with Llew-elyn :

Mightie in the battle roar,

Gentle in the combat's end,

Spiller of the foeman's gore,

Lavish of the mead to friend.

Stretched on the cold damp ground he lies,

While gloomie foes are gathering near ;

No friendlie hand to close his eyes,

No solemn joy from awful sound

Of Priest in prayer absolving near :

Death's shadow darkens o'er his brow,

Unearthlie, overwhelming fear

Compels the princelie heart to bow :

For unanointed, unannealed,

Proscribed by many a bitter doom,

Llew-elyn dies with sin unhealed,

Curst by th' anathema of Rome.

Cheer thee, my Prince, be strong in death,

And tranquil pass thy gallant breath !

Defender of thy Land and Throne,

Though curst by ministers of fraud,

While Cambria's vengeful foes applaud,  
Thou passest to the world unknown,  
Most lonelie in thy last dark hour,  
Our God Almighty be thy stay !  
Nor England's gold, nor Rome has power  
To bar thee from the realm of day.

What, are all the harp-strings broken ?  
Have not Britannia's mightie perished ?  
Where shall I bear the bardie token  
Of faith and true affection cherished ?—  
The wind upon the eaverned hill,  
His azure robe defiled and torn,  
And waters of the lonelie rill  
Have heard dark Griffithe call to mourn :  
Behold the glance of fond desire,  
And hoarie locks at random streaming !  
And now the wild Aonian fire  
Breaks from his trance of anguish, beaming !  
Lo, how the waves enchanted stay,  
And listening winds have loitered on their way,  
And from their golden thrones on high  
The starrie Angels for a moment bend,

To hear the bard's prevailing cry,  
Harmonious wail for high Llew-elyn's end.

I saw the Saxon lances flash,  
I heard the falling axe's crash,

And silent is the lone abandoned hill!

O say, dark Wielder of th' eternal sword,  
Say, who beheld that massacre abhorred,

Why slept the fiery-winged lightning still?—  
Yet never, never in our darkest night,

Even when the bardic spell  
Powerless in slaughter fell,

Never was quenched the free-born Spirit's might.  
For, though, since Bosworth's righteous field,

We bow to Tudor's royal child,  
And one fair hand the sceptres wield

Of both our countries reconciled,  
Still are we free and firm as ever;

Still shall the ancient Cambrian river

Have honour in the mingling Ocean.

And haplie, 'mid our foes of old,

Some gentle heart in fond emotion  
May not disdain our fair ancestral pride,

But sigh to hear the storic told  
Of those who brave and true in fight unequal died.

## THE THREE RINGS.

A LEGEND OF MALLWYD IN MERIONETHSHIRE.

BROODING and stern th' Enchantress sate ;  
Her royal hall seemed desolate :  
Yet was the Ladye not alone ;  
    Although no child of man was there,  
Obedient hovered round her throne  
    Spirits and ministers of air.  
The lowering cloud was on her brow,  
    The fire of hatred in her eye :  
" Since then," she mused, " he will not bow,  
    " The man who scorns my love must die.  
" Now haste, thou darkest of the throng  
    " Who flit obedient to my spell ;  
" By secret rite and binding song,  
    " By all the power thou knowest well,  
" Spirit of Vengeance, haste and fly,  
    " Haste, ere the time allowed expire—  
" Why should I name him ? He must die,  
    " Withered like threads of flax by fire."



She spoke, and turned aside her face,

Where pride was struggling with her shame,  
And there was silence for a space,

Until again the Spirit came.

Even like the faint unearthlie quiver

Of music, as it dies away,

But yet with horror's creeping shiver

I seemed to hear the Spirit say—

“ I have gone, I have striven

“ To fulfil thy command,

“ And I gazed on thy foe,

“ But I dealt not the blow,

“ For there had not been given

“ Such power to my hand.

“ There are Three mightie Rings

“ In their cirele have bound him,

“ There's a shadow that flings

“ Its protection around him :

“ Though I know not its nature,

“ And I heard not its name,

“ Yet, I ween, noxious creature

“ Ne'er could pass o'er the same.”

“ Go again, Spirit, go,  
“ Strive again, Spirit, strive,  
“ Nor return, while thy blow  
“ Yet have left him alive.”

Again the Spirit went,  
Again the Spirit came,  
Before the Ladye bent  
His phantom shape of flame :  
“ Ladye, I conjure thee,  
“ Send me not again ;  
“ Ladye, I assure thee,  
“ Effort is in vain :

“ There is a wall I may not pass,  
“ There is a space I may not tread,  
“ A wall more firm than triple brass,  
“ A space more sacred than the Dead.  
“ Though we may brave the wrath divine,  
“ And lower fall than erst we fell,  
“ No power of ours, no power of thine  
“ Shall e’er prevail by might or spell.  
“ Even in the Holiest name on high  
“ He laid him down to sleep,

“ And flaming myriads from the sky  
“ Their watch around him keep.  
“ He spoke three Names I dare not speak,  
“ Three names of mercie, three of power,—  
“ These form a wall, which none may break,  
“ More firm than adamantine tower.”

The fallen Spirit told his tale,  
And went upon his path of air ;  
While thou, Enchantress, doomed to fail,  
Hast found thy spells o’ercome by Prayer.

## OLEINIA.

IN IMITATION OF THE ATYS OF CATULLUS.

THE young bright-eyed Oleinia, far the fairest maid  
of Wales,  
On all the wings of hope was borne from her paternal vales ;  
Her heart beat high, and wandered wild her glances  
o’er the town,  
When first with greedie step she trod the modern  
Babylon ;

There idlye wandering all astray and rapt in giddye  
dream,

She plunged, alas ! in Pleasure's depth, and floated  
down the stream :

So when she found her honor robbed, and lost her  
virgin name,

And heard in all the silent air the still small voice of  
shame,

Her snow-white hand in frenzye seized on Pleasure's  
idle lyre,

Thy lyre, O fatal Siren, thine, that panders to desire ;  
And deftlie moving bright with gems her white and  
sparkling hand,

She wildlie poured the thrilling lay amid the drunken  
band—

“ Oh, wake, my bright companions, wake and come !  
oh, come along,

And crowd to Pleasure's banquet high, with gay  
light-hearted throng !

For not to gloomie churls I speak, by sullen Dutie  
bound,

But Joy's light-hearted band, who send the festive  
bowl around :

My friends, who all have dared, like me, to banish  
thoughts of gloom,  
And hearing Pleasure's call, have laughed to scorn  
the Priestlie doom,  
Break into choral joy ; awake the wildie-numbered  
song,  
Away with doubt and dull delay, and join the laugh-  
ing throng,  
To tread the soft luxurious hall, where dreamie  
pleasures dwell,  
And now the music melts away, and now its numbers  
swell ;  
Where manye a distant countrie's child, and manye  
a foreign art  
Have woven soft the witching spell to lull the wanton  
heart ;  
We'll tread the pleasant dance's maze, and crown  
our brow with flowers,  
And change the varied note of joy through all the  
varying hours :  
And there we'll wander at our will in ecstasie's  
career,  
Oh, come and let us hasten there, oh, haste, companions  
dear !"

With greedie ear they drank the sound that fell  
from Pleasure's slave,  
And all with sudden frenzye caught the signal which  
she gave :  
Broke out the stirring trumpet's sound, the cymbal  
answered high,  
And hurrying on to Pleasure's hall, they sped with  
choral cry.  
There, lyre in hand, Oleinia moved, her beaming  
eyes on fire,  
Wandering in frenzye, reft of sense, and panting with  
desire ;  
Like some young fawn in graceful sport careering  
o'er the mead,  
She led the band that followed fast with wild and  
frantic speed.  
So there they trod that loftie hall, and tried the  
paths of Joy,  
Till dull Satietye came on their pleasure to annoy ;  
Then slowlie moved the languid hours, and dark  
Remembrance came,  
And now relenting Passion slacked its wild devouring  
flame.

But when the golden-tressed Lord of morn with  
radiant glance  
Looked forth on ample Air, and Earth, and Ocean's  
vast expanse,  
And all creation woke anew and hailed the light of  
day,  
Then from the lost Oleinia's heart the phantoms  
passed away ;  
And gladly in her open arms Religion, heavenlie  
Queen,  
Received the trembling fugitive with pitying blame  
serene.  
So when from gentle rest, in frenzye's blessed in-  
terval,  
Oleinia woke to consciousness of that dark festival,  
And knew with all her senses clear, from whom, and  
where she strayed,  
With burning heart she fled from crowded hall to  
rural shade ;  
And straining tearful eyes she looked o'er field and  
road unknown,  
And to her distant home she cried in sad and plain-  
tive moan :

“ O mountain land, that gave me birth, my home,  
my mother land,  
Which I abandoned ignorant, like slave on foreign  
strand !

O gentle home I left in scorn for Evil's glittering  
school,

To dwell in vice corrupt, with knave, and profligate,  
and fool,

And in my madness stray through all the dark  
abodes of Ill ;

Oh, where, in what blest spot, does sunshine gild  
my native hill ?

How eagerlie my glance would rest upon the dear  
abode,

While yet for one brief hour my mind disdains its  
evil load !

Am I this wretched outcast ? I, an exile from my  
home,

From all my countrie's blessings, friends, and parents,  
doomed to roam ?—

I shall not tread the simple dance, nor hear the  
homelie strain ;

Oh, lost one, woe is me ! oh, lost one, woe is me  
again !



What blessing e'er had maid, what trophye meet for  
honest pride,

Which once I could not boast, which now I have not  
cast aside ?

A cherished child and sister once, a maid and woman  
bright,

The fairest flower of Meirion's fair, my simple sire's  
delight.

To me the kindling glance was turned, the youthful  
vow was paid,

For me the bardic song was poured, that hailed the  
fairest maid :

For me the village pastor's prayer arose at break of  
morn—

Am I this abject slave of vice—this outcast thing of  
scorn ?

Shall I remain a wanton, of my better self bereft,  
No hope of sacred household joy, or matron honors  
left ?

Am I to wear my life out in the dark and gloomie  
town ?

Am I to live and sicken in this lurid Babylon,

Where everie form of Vice and Sin's pollution reign?  
Ah, woe is me! oh, heavenlie Father, woe is me  
again!"

When from her pallid lips, so rosie once, went forth  
the sound,  
And reached the airie Powers unseen, that hover all  
around,  
The jealous Siren in her wrath, from her pernicious  
throng,  
False Shame and Dread of scorn sent forth, the  
ministers of wrong:  
"Go in your withering power," she cried, "and  
crush the wavering will,  
And let the maddened victim turn, to do my pleasure  
still;  
Go, conjure up the images of calummie and scorn,  
Let evil whispers to her ear on all the winds be  
borne;  
Brood all around her homeward way, in shadowie  
terror dread,  
Lest from my vaunted yoke she fly, by Faith re-  
viving led."

The jealous Siren spoke, and waved imperiouslie her  
hand,

And eagerlie the fiends went forth obedient from her  
band :

With bitter smile and mock they scatter evil all  
around,

And when Oleinia almost heard her village church's  
sound,

And almost reached the home where Love again  
would take her part,

They wrought those pangs too deep for speech, and  
crushed her broken heart :

Then on her backward way she turned, with agonie  
within,

And all her life in vice she spent, the abject slave of Sin.

O Spirit, heavenlie Spirit pure ! who swayest all  
the soul,

Help us, when wild temptations rage, and Passion's  
tempests roll ;

Help in our weal and in our woe, and in our lonelie  
hour,

And keep us free from servile will, and Sin's o'er-  
whelming power.

## TO AUGUSTA.

I MIGHT as well go gaze upon a face  
Of marble, fashioned by the sculptor's hand  
To faultless beautie, and with vain demand  
Sigh for the spark of life, and think to trace  
Love's gentle workings ; or bewitched might stand  
On fountain brink, and hope th' unearthlie Grace,  
Or Naiad lurking in her faerie place,  
Would smile, invoked by passionate command,  
Upon my sleepless love. Thou art so fair,  
So bright, so noblie born, thou may'st not move  
From out thy sphere, alas ! nor I may dare  
To raise bold glances aiming at thy love.  
Yet from the shade my yearning eyes afar  
Shall watch thy course of pride, thou bright cold Star.

THE SEQUEL.

It is over ! and they say thou'rt given to another :  
And a moment's space I felt what gladlie I would  
smother :

Far from gloomie anger, far from pang of envious  
mind,

Yet it was a cloud, a shade, a something undefined.

Though I knew the time must come, nor dreamt  
that I should mourn,

Yet I heard it, and I felt more lowlie and forlorn :

'Twas a shadow, where I rested, rudelie torn away,

'Twas a slumber rudelie broken by the glare of day.

Though my madness dreamt not that thou ever  
could'st be mine,

Save as something distant, but as something most  
divine ;

Yet thy vision often came athwart my noonday  
dream,

And my faneye often sported in thy beautie's sunnie  
beam.

It is over, all is over—I must think of thee no more ;  
And I feel like sailor stranded on some desert shore :  
I am rescued from a storm, delivered from a chain,  
And I gladlie would be tost, and gladlie bound again.

Fare thee well ! since all is over, Ladye, fare thee  
well !

Where thou dwellest, there may never Pain or  
Sorrow dwell :

He is noble, as they say, who takes thee for his bride ;  
Happie then, as lovelie, shine thou ever at his side.

It is well thou canst not know who gazed on thee in  
vain,

For I would not have to fear the smile of thy disdain :  
Haplie thou wilt read, and pitie Fancye's wayward  
child,

Little dreaming of my madness, and my cherished  
passion wild.

PENSIERI.

THOUGHTS AT DIFFERENT TIMES IN THE WALKS  
BEHIND — COLLEGE, —.

I laie mee onn the grasse, yette to mie wylle,  
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styлле.

*Mynstrelle's Songe in Jella.*

FAIR Hours, who in Idalian glade,  
Fair Hours and Graces, hand in hand,  
With flowerie-girdled Beautie strayed ;  
And Ye, who o'er my own green land,  
Because of old we loved you well,  
(Such power is your's to bane or bless,)  
Have thrown the everlasting spell  
Of fresh and verdant loveliness ;  
Spirits, who in earth's recesses  
Dwell, by eye profane unseen,  
And bind with faerie gold your tresses  
Radiant of immortal sheen ;—  
Ye, who in the sunbeam hover,  
And twine the dance harmonious over

The Rhaiadyr's<sup>29</sup> eternal roar ;  
Then on the rainbow, heavenlie bridge,  
Pass to far Oriental shore,  
Climbing now its golden ridge,  
Treading now its wondrous chamber ;  
Come from Vyrniew's pleasant side,  
And Wye and Conwye's liquid amber ;  
Come in all your jocund pride,  
And leave on Granta's margin green,  
Trace of rosie feet unseen,  
Shed the beautie which has power  
O'er mourner's pale and drearie hour.

For sad the lot of Fancie's child,  
Who on the task condemned to pore  
Of frowning Science' rugged lore,  
No longer, as of old, may wander  
O'er gentle vale and mountain wild,  
And voluntarie music ponder.  
'Twould break my verie heart with pining,  
But often at the setting Sun,  
On turf with daisies prankt reclining,  
I gaze upon the rays that run



In manie-coloured glorie bright,  
Tinging the ancient cloistral towers,  
Which stand in majestic serene,  
Until at length the silent hours,  
Ling'ring o'er the pleasant scene,  
Bring on the car of starrie Night :  
And ye, most proud ancestral Trees,  
Look darklie on the gliding stream,  
Which, ruffled by the fragrant breeze,  
Murmurs to poetic dream.

Even here, methinks, though far away  
From all thy favourite haunt of old,  
Fair Glamorgan's land of day,  
And hallowed Arvon's rockie shore,—  
Yet here, I ween, the bardic mind  
Hath felt thy awful shadow lower,  
Thou wonderful, thou undefined,  
Dim and wild Aonian Power.<sup>30</sup>  
Man hath not seen from whence it came,  
Sculptor nor painter drew its form :  
'Tis bright and glorious as the flame,  
'Tis dark and viewless as the storm.—

O light of life, and lamp of storie,  
Spirit, Genius, Muse divine,  
From whom, for ever robed in glorie,  
Names of old immortal shine !  
Thy home is in the land of dreams,  
Thy wings are, like the rainbow, bright,  
Thy voice is like the lonelie streams  
Which murmur to the silent night :  
Thou passest in the chosen hour,  
When thou fillest all the air  
With deep unutterable power,  
And the Poet knows thee there ;  
'Tis then thy shadow rapture flings  
Throughout his lonelie murmurings ;  
Then move in solemn train along  
The mystic deities of song,  
With manie a shadowie form of dread,  
Shrouded herald from the Dead,  
And all the Passions, fitful throng,  
Which deadlie as the lightning burn,  
Wayward Love, and Anger stern ;  
Powers that laugh to scorn control,  
Vulture tyrants of the soul.

Even here, I ween, O heavenlie Power,  
Thee Milton felt in golden hour ;  
Here the mightie Minstrel young,  
Guiltless yet of factious rage,  
And gloomie regicidal page,  
Here with thee at eve he sung,  
And gazed with heaven-aspiring eyes  
On rosie joy and sable woe,  
And learnt the various-vested glow  
Of Mirth and Melancholie wise ;  
Not then upon his ear in vain  
Came sweeping from "the full-toned quire,"  
The melodie of hallowed strain,  
Which fills the trembling heart with fire.

Woe is me, by sickness pale  
Excluded from that temple high ;  
Woe is me, that I must fail  
To swell the Church's heavenward cry :  
Smitten by the heavie hand  
Of Him who gave my nostril's breath.  
I turn me to the shadowie land,  
And to the gloomie stream of Death.

But I can trace the Temple's round,  
And I can gaze upon her towers,  
And dimlie hear the blessed sound  
That issues at her solemn hours.  
Bowed to earth by heavie pain,  
Withered by consuming fire,  
Still in thought I can aspire,  
Rending from my soul its chain.  
And often by the winding stream,<sup>31</sup>  
Known from of old by British name,  
I can soar in loftie dream  
To the heirs of ancient fame ;  
Now with Plato's loftie dream  
Scan the spirit's mysterie,  
And now the old Castalian stream  
Is present with its melodie :  
Then I hear the fatal stroke  
That slew the victor lord returned,  
Mourn the loftie maiden's yoke  
Whose soul in vain prophetic burned :  
Hark the agonizing cry  
Of her who in vindictive ire  
Condemned her womb's dear birth to die !  
And Thee of parricidal sire

Daughter and sister, injured maid,  
Thee in my fancied grief I mourn,  
To all the tyrant's rage betrayed,  
In sisterlie remorse forlorn.

Then in my loftier hour again  
I seek the mightie of our land,  
Our azure bards of wondrous strain,  
And all the lost devoted band.

Here are shades and sacred bowers,

Here the gentle gliding stream  
Lingers by ancestral towers ;

Where could Fancye better dream  
Of Spencer and his Faerie song ?  
Where could Echo more prolong  
Tones of old poetie time,  
And elder chivalric sublime ?

Only, alas ! fair Love, depart,

Come not on forbidden ground,  
Nor tempt in vain my lonelie heart,—

I may not listen to thy sound.  
Alas, when I began in mirth,

That I must end with plaintive moan !  
Of all the deities of earth,  
No place is here for Love alone.

A HYMN

FOR SACRED MUSIC.

MISERERE, miserere, pitie us, good Lord !

Have mercie, when our sins all throng with one  
accord,

And when the soul's dark chambers echo tones and  
things gone bye ;

For Thou canst read the heart—on Thee alone we cry,  
Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord.

Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord !

Have mercie when we shrink from thy avenging  
sword ;

Oh, heal us when we pine in sickness, hear us when  
we sigh ;

For Thou hast life and death—on Thee alone we cry,  
Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord.

Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord !

Have mercie when we tremble on the brink of death  
abhorred ;

Uphold thy loved ones when we sink, receive us when  
we die ;

Thou art our help and hope—on Thee alone we cry,  
Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord.

Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord !

Have mercie when we rise to hear the final word :

Oh, then, Lord, shield us with thine hand, behold  
us with thine eye,

For thou shalt be our Judge—on thee alone we cry,  
Miserere, miserere, pitie us, good Lord.

## CAMBRIDGE IN A LONG VACATION.

BY A FUTURE SENIOR WRANGLER.

OFF, off to the ancient mountains,

Off to the roar of the rock-girt sea !

Who would not drink of the limpid fountains.

And be lulled by the wild wind's music free ?

Our lawns are all parched and faded,  
Dwindled the Cam, flowing dull and slow :  
Beautie and joy, tho' by old elms shaded,  
Shrink withered and scorched from the sun's fierce  
glow.

Forth from the halls immortal,  
Hoarie with age, and with wisdom pale,  
From cloister, and temple, and arching portal,  
All are gone far away to bid summer hail.

Deserted and lone I linger,  
Wondering and scared by some chance stranger's  
tread ;  
Sad communion I hold, such as pilgrim singer,  
With the echoes that dwell in abodes of the dead.

Yet here, still is here your dwelling,  
Patience, and Dutye with gentle mien ;  
Thou, Science, high tales of Eternitie telling,  
And Hope, which still points me to glorye unseen.



A. B. S.

OF all who in the race had started,  
Striving for the olive crown,  
All bright of eye, all hopeful-hearted,  
Ah, how manye have sank down,  
Young in life's power !

One far away, in wild lands fighting,  
One in stormie waves o'erwhelmed,  
One by the slow Destroyer's blighting,  
Brave and gentle, gowned and helmed,  
Met the dark hour.

But thou, who on thy presence borest  
Stamp of immortalitie ;  
O ! best beloved ; O ! wept for sorest !  
Dark in death's captivitie  
Thou too art bound.

We dreamed—vain dreams—of some great glorie,  
Dim, but wondrous as thy powers ;  
We held of all thy brightening storie  
Hopes, which like the storm-swept flowers,  
Lie on the ground.

Thine was the dread and slow decaying,  
Life's vain shrinking from the tomb ;  
Sad hope sad anguish ill allaying ;  
Till the Angel came in gloom  
All links to sever.

O Lord, our Lord, our helper onlie,  
Giver, taker of our breath ;  
All else thou takest—leave us onlie  
Love and hope, in darkest death  
Quenched not for ever.

THE EXECUTION.

AT FLINT, IN 1840.

<sup>32</sup> 'Twas in a land where crime is rare,  
And years may roll away,  
Ere justice, impotent to spare,  
Bares her stern sword to slay.

A murmured horror-stricken cry  
Through crowds assembled ran,  
When from his cell came forth to die  
That dark and guiltie man.

E'en Pitie, while in tears she stood,  
Saw and forbore to plead ;  
And from the earth his victim's blood  
Cried vengeance for the deed.

'Tis o'er—the fatal die is cast,  
And, launched on unknown seas,  
The Spirit from his frame has past,  
Companioning the breeze.

Hark ! while the hearts of manhood fail,  
The shriek upon the air ;  
It was the sound of woman's wail,  
The tone of wild despair.

Blame not her fond enduring will,  
Nor ask what Love did there ;  
For know, he was her father still,  
And blame her if you dare.

A weaklier love in tent may bide,  
With trim and decent woe ;  
But loving still, whate'er betide,  
She would not shun the blow.

Daughter and woman to the last,  
She caught his dying groan,  
Ill-pleased if that stern sire had past  
His agonie alone.

Gentle and fair, of nurture mild,  
Far from the hardening storm,  
Judge not of Nature's untaught child  
By rule of courtlie form.

Rather, when wander in the wold  
Those whom your God has made,  
Gather them gentlie to the fold,  
The Temple's fostering shade.

If live beneath the darkest sky  
Some sparks of heavenlie fire,  
Shew them their kindred light on high,  
And teach them to aspire.

## THE VARIOUS WINDS.

I HEARD the wind's career, whose viewless wing had  
swept the ocean,  
And half the tempest's sullen wrath was lingering  
in its motion,  
And it was full of woeful sound and shipwrecked  
sailor's groan—  
Pass on, thou melancholie wind, thou moaning air,  
pass on.

Again I heard the fleeting wind that came from  
battle-plain,

And it was full of horrid clang of slayer and of slain,  
And it will bear the cry of blood before the heavenlie  
throne—

Pass on, thou horror-laden wind, thou tainted air,  
pass on.

Again there came the lonelie wind that swept the  
mountain bold,

Where solemn<sup>33</sup> priest and people marked the  
boundarye of old,

It was the violator's curse that swelled its awful tone—  
Pass on, thou delegated wind, thou conscious air,  
pass on.

Once more, it was the happie wind that dwelt on  
Meivod's vale,

And it had played on Virniew's wave, and bade my  
Bronwen hail,

And it is fragrant with her breath, and sunnie from  
her smile,—

Oh, tarrye, golden-winged Wind, oh, stay, dear Air,  
awhile.

Oh, tell me, is my fair one faithful as of old,  
And fill me with the joyous thrill of all who her  
    behold,  
And tell her from her Anwyl in thy softest lingering  
    sigh,  
For hope of her alone I live, without her I must die.

## THE EXODUS OF ISRAEL.

I HONOUR one Supreme, Sublime,  
    Allmightie, Everlasting God,  
Enthroned in light ere space or time,  
    And ruling with paternal nod  
The vastness of the heaven and earth :  
Since at His word the world had birth,  
Springing to life, where nought had been,  
Save night and mysterie unseen,  
Shrouding th' unfathomable wild,  
Which mocks the glance of Wisdom's child ;  
Where Chaos murmurs, " Here no voices raise,"  
And Darkness answers, " Here forbear to gaze ;"  
There none shall ever kindle blaze,

Or show by Learning's lamp to mortal man,  
How once in wondrous course Creation ran ;  
Nor on the wings of Fancie buoyed,  
Shall pierce the unessential void,  
But from the realm of Night  
Bright-winged dreams shall turn their flight,  
Scared by Eternitie's primæval daughters,  
Silence and Doubt ;  
Who hovering all about  
Brood o'er the infinite abysmal waters.

Yet at His word the rosie light was born,  
And earth and sea and stars all sprang  
To life and joy upon Creation's morn,  
Each in his turn, and all things rang  
With multitudinous delight ;  
Sun and planets, day and night,  
Each in turn this tribute bringing,  
Each Jehovah's praises singing.  
And, though unheard by sensual ear,  
Who knows if still their course prolong  
The wondrous harmonie of song,  
Hymning the one Eternal, whom they fear ?



He wills—behold their course suspended ;  
He breathes—their time of life is ended ;  
And often when on earth the turbid Nations  
Rise in revolt, He saith to Plague, “ Go forth,”  
To Death, “ Have power ;” and from the south and  
north,  
Angels of wrath lay low our wild imaginations.

So when the sons of Mizraim rose  
Rebellious to His high command,  
“ *Ah ! I will ease me of my foes,*”  
He said, and with His red right hand  
In wrath He smote the fountains of the waters.  
There was wailing through the land,  
There was loathing through the band  
Of Egypt and her Monarch’s statelie daughters.  
They thirst, they come, they haste to drink—  
Why stand they shuddering on the brink ?  
The waves are blood, as if a tide of slaughters  
Polluted all the Nile.  
Then languished Beautie’s smile,  
And rose the wild distracted cry  
From burning lip and blood-shot eye,

Till prostrate and o'ercome by woe  
The strong men muttered, faint and low.  
Yet have they still refused to turn,  
And though the Plague hath spent its force,  
Destroying in its destined course,  
Still must th' Almighty's anger burn,  
And still tempestuous clouds o'er Egypt lour,  
Big with the coming storm of furie and of power.

Again the Prophet came in wrath,  
The Monarch unrepenting still;  
Five times upon the Prophet's path  
Were sent the ministers of ill.  
Then in the caverns of the Earth,  
In all the womb of Air and Wave,  
Noxious and loathsome things had birth,  
Till Egypt was a living grave.

In songless woe they mourned by day,  
In restless starts at night they slumbered,  
Even in the chambers of the King

The crawling Pest hath found its way,  
The pest of creeping things unnumbered;  
Who dares to eat? who dares to fling

His wearie form upon the bed,  
Where slimie reptile rears its head,  
And loathsome swarms aerial lour?  
Nor ye, fair herds, who grazed the plain,  
Escape the wasting murrain's power;  
With plaintive lowing in your pain  
Ye languish panting in the shade;  
While mourning by their idol-shrine  
Your guiltie masters cry for aid,  
With slow corroding sore condemned to pine.

Open your gates, ye Caverns of the storm,  
Be open, Fountains of ethereal fire;  
With hand outstretched, the Prophet's awful form  
Hath stood and summoned your tremendous ire.  
He spoke; and stricken at the sound  
The bending forests groan,  
The conscious Earth gives back the moan,  
The fierie deluge runs along the ground.  
Where smiled with joy the populous fields,  
And golden harvests crowned the plain,  
His sword th' Exterminator wields,  
And naked desolation reigns.

Nor loiter on their path of air  
Fresh summoned by the Prophet's hand,  
The winged myriads gleaning bare  
The relics of the wretched land.  
But Thou, with fierie-footed steed,  
Flashing thy lonelie chariot through the sky,  
Orient and Hesper brightening with thy speed,  
Thou Giant of the stars on high,  
Hast thou too owned a mightier Power?  
"Ah! when will come the morning's light!"  
They murmur, wandering in the gloom;  
Morn has come, but all is night,  
All is darkness like the tomb.

Have we not all one heavenlie Sire?  
How can we smile upon our brother's doom?  
How long shall his allmightie ire  
Roll o'er his trembling children wrath and gloom?  
Alas! they have rebelled in pride,  
They have detained in house of slaves  
The people whom He sware to guide  
Through angrie foes and stormie waves:  
He promised by his faithful Word,  
He sware by his tremendous Name,

From Israel, chosen of the Lord,  
To rend the galling yoke of shame.  
Night with her myriad stars came on,  
And all have sank in tranquil sleep,  
Where couch of gold and amber shone,  
And in the lonelie dungeon deep.  
Thy wings are on the sullen wind,  
Thy breath is in the fatal air,  
Exterminating Angel, and behind  
I hear the wailing and despair.  
“ Speak, oh my firstborn darling joy !”  
Exclaimed the mother bending low,  
But king alike and peasant’s boy  
Is smitten by the fatal blow.  
“ Go out, ye people of the Lord,”  
The monarch horror-stricken cried ;  
“ In place of yoke and chains abhorred,  
Behold the jewels of our pride.”  
Spoiling the spoiler’s guiltie land,  
Went out in multitudinous array  
Jehovah’s liberated band—  
And Israel saw the light of day.

“ Thou Dweller ’mid the cherubim unseen,  
Once more, O Lord our God, arise,

For lo, in renovated pride and spleen,  
The chariots of our enemies.  
They drive us on the furious main,  
Which roars in front with all his waves;  
Our flight cut off, our combat vain,  
Where shall we choose our graves?"

Then rose the Prophet's form of power,  
And shrank the Deep asunder driven,  
On either side columnar lower  
The ocean waves abysmal riven.  
Speed thee, Destroyer, speed along,  
Roll on thy chariots thro' the waterie dell :  
If Israel passed with joyful song,  
Shall not the host of Mizraim pass as well ?  
In wonder from the farther shore  
All Israel gaze upon the wave ;  
The foemen's fierce career is o'er,  
The reflux ocean made their grave.  
How low the tyrant's vaunting scorn,  
How silent is the warrior's cry !  
Too late in agonie forlorn  
They honoured Israel's King on high.  
" *Great is our God !*" with harp and timbrel's clang  
Break into high triumphant song ;

" *Great is our God!*" the earth and ocean rang,  
 Responsive to the choral throng.  
 So Israel sang in joyful tone,  
 Swift to avenge and strong to save,  
 Jehovah, Lord most high !  
 Art Thou not He, Whom still we own,  
 Ruler of tempest and of grave ?  
 Therefore we shall not die.

"AIAINON.

AH, wayward Muse, with what a treacherous smile  
 Thou lurest those who trust thy guiding hand !  
 Lo, how another victim to thy guile,  
 Brynford's<sup>34</sup> young bard, has sunk in distant land :  
 Alas, poor Minstrel, illstarred boy,  
 Whom Genius courted to destroy.

Were it not better, in the low abode  
 Where dwelt his fathers, had he died unknown !  
 Alas, e'en there thy shaping genius strode,  
 Thy fierie impress marked him for thine own ;

Hark ! from his lyre in boyish hour  
How rung the tones of hope and power.

Phantoms of beautie flitted by his bed,  
Glorie thro' time and space held out her crown ;  
Dim dreams and vague desires their captive led,  
Led him afar, where all his hopes sank down ;  
Far on that drearie plague-specked strand,  
Bowed by the dread Destroyer's hand.

But tottering ere he yielded to the blow,  
Day after day beside the sounding main  
Under an oak he sat, and murmuring low,  
Mocked the wild mocking-bird's deluding strain ;  
Murmuring and sighing o'er the foam,  
Which washed perchance his distant home.

Come, let me throw a flower upon the deep,  
Which haplie may be wafted to his tomb ;  
Help me, thou siren Muse, to lull his sleep ;  
Mourn in repentant tone thy victim's doom,  
And bend disshevelled o'er his grave,  
With tears for him thou would'st not save.



Ah, surelie long ago thy eyes were veiled,  
 Thy pinions drooped in unavailing woe ;  
 Gladlie thy art had saved, but there it failed ;  
 Skilful to soothe, but not to ward the blow ;  
 Nor thine the blame, if e'er thy son  
 Falls by his wayward heart undone.

Like some rich vine that leans upon the elm,  
 All beautie's bloom, not strength, to thee was given :  
 How oft thy boughs the tempests overwhelm,  
 Most cherished, most adorned, but helpless riven,  
 And to the blast an easie prey,  
 With fruits that flourish to decay !

Forgive, dear Mistress, my reproachful line,  
 Yet deign to warn thy eager-hearted child ;  
 Point his young eyes to holier might than thine,  
 Teach him the homelie virtues undefiled ;  
 Leaning on Virtue, thou art strong,  
 Else vain are all the arts of song.

## TITUS MANLIUS.

How proudlie strode the conquering son,  
How darklie brooding looked the sire,  
He decked with trophies newlie won,  
His father big with gathering ire.

“ No child degenerate I,” he cried,  
“ Of him who smote the giant Gaul ;  
I too have tamed the foeman’s pride—  
Behold the tokens of his fall.”

Old Manlius turned, and ill could brook  
To see his son’s ingenuous eye ;  
But with the tempest in his look,  
Sternlie he made his dread reply.

“ O thou, unbidden who hast fought,  
Comest thou thus with swelling breast ?  
Thou who hast dared to set at nought  
Thy countrie and thy sire’s behest.

“ The links thou breakest are the fence  
In which the Roman virtues grow ;  
Conqueror or conquered, think not hence  
Unscathed, O hapless boy, to go.

“ Me too the licitor’s axe will reach ;  
Stern Justice asks me for my own ;  
Nor thou, my son, refuse to teach,  
How for their sin the brave atone.”

Silent the champion heard and bowed ;  
But shriek and shuddering went round,  
When mid the horror-stricken crowd  
Was heard the axe’s fatal sound.

## ROGER WILLIAMS.

THE deer in the forest, the steed on the hill,  
The wild bird is safe in the lone realm of air ;  
But we, if we worship our God at our will,  
Have no rest from the sword save the den of despair.

Sillie deer will not trample their brother when wounded,  
Winged raveners will pitie their fellow bird dying ;  
But ye, vain fanatics, by dark foe surrounded,  
Still combat and rend brother Christians in flying.

Let us go, let us go, o'er the far western wave,  
Let us go where Religion with Freedom may dwell ;  
The religion which opens the sky o'er the grave,  
And the freedom our fathers defended so well.

Let the Englander still play the tyrant at home ;  
But the true sons of Britain will never be slaves :  
In the name of our fathers, my men, let us roam,  
With our faith and our freedom beyond the far waves.

Let us found a new kingdom,<sup>35</sup> where none shall oppress,  
And none shall be lord of his fellow man's creed :  
Like the angels we'll dwell, whose delight is to bless,  
And we'll hand down the rights of mankind to our  
seed.

If we lose the fair language our sires spoke of old,  
Yet with true British blood we can plant the far wild;  
And we'll keep, as the bardic Taliessin foretold,  
To our Father Allmightie, our faith undefiled.

And when years shall have swept like a tide o'er the land,  
And when glorie shall leave what she cherishes now,  
She will cross like the wind to America's strand,  
And the old world defiled to the new world shall bow.

#### THE LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.

“FAREWELL, our British friends, farewell !”

Was said upon Columbia's strand :  
Their vessel now on ocean's swell,  
Has owned the guiding helm's command.

She needs no favouring breezes feel,  
She dares the breasting tide disdain,  
With fierie breath and foaming wheel  
She sweeps like chariot o'er the main.

“Welcome, oh, welcome to your home,”  
Alreadie we prepared to say,  
And deemed that o'er th' Atlantic foam  
They hastened to us day by day.

But day by day and week by week  
Have lingered on their wearie way;  
And yet no tidings came to break  
The spell that on our bosoms lay.

Heavens, what has come of those we loved?  
Do not prolong our agonie;  
Be but the veil of doubt removed,  
E'en if we learn our miserie.

Alas for those who yearn in vain!  
Bright eyes may wither, cheeks grow pale;  
Their friends have never come again;  
None ever came to tell their tale.

Who knows, if on some icie mountain  
Darkling they rushed upon their grave,  
Or if the deep's uplifted fountain  
Raised and o'erwhelmed them in its wave?

They will not lie in hallowed turf,  
With kindred's prayer to lull their sleep ;  
But they have gone beneath the surf,  
To feed the monsters of the deep.

There perished comic mirth with Power,  
And gentle blood with Richmond's son,  
And, useless in that fatal hour,  
Courage and counsel were undone.

Preparer of destruction's path,  
Lord God, we own thy high decree ;  
And pray thee in thy righteous wrath  
To spare our sailors on the sea.

THE DEFEAT AND CAPTIVITY IN AFFGHANISTAN.

WRITTEN WHILE THE CONTEST WAS PENDING.

TRIUMPHANTLIE for those who fell in Spain,  
Triumphantlie for those on Belgic plain,  
In patriot pride we mourned with loftie woe ;  
    But bitterlie, oh bitterlie,  
    And shamefullie, oh shamefullie,  
We mourn for those whose gallant heads are low,  
Whose bones lie bleaching in the savage land,  
Where sword and storm destroyed our countrie's band.  
    By treacherie, by treacherie,  
    And not in laurelled victorie,  
Mourn Britain, mourn, for manlie Trevor lost,  
And all thy slaughtered and unburied host.

Yet loftilie for those who made their stand,  
Right gallantlie who fell with sword in hand,  
In pride unbroken let the numbers flow ;  
    But bitterlie, oh bitterlie,  
    And anxiouslie, oh anxiouslie,  
We mourn for those at mercie of the foe,



Their honor and their life in savage power,  
 On brutal passion hanging everie hour ;  
     Afar, and in captivitie,  
     Uncertaintie and miserie,  
 Our kindred brave, condemned perchance to slaughters,  
 But chieflie, Britain, mourn thy captive daughters.

Submissivelie go now and pay your gold,  
 Submissivelie unloose the savage hold,  
 And let them see our lion fawning low,  
     Submissivelie, submissivelie,  
     And suppliantlie, oh suppliantlie—  
 No, by our father's God, we thunder, no :  
 Come rather all the vengeance fate can wreak,  
 Come all the horrors which we dare not speak ;  
     Undauntedlie, undauntedlie,  
     And loftilie, oh loftilie  
 Britannia's children can endure the end ;  
 We may be broken, but we cannot bend.

Most certainlie we will avenge our host,  
 Most certainlie we will redeem our lost,

But not with speaking fair and fawning low ;  
     We'll ransom them, but not with gold ;  
     The savage shall unloose his hold,  
 But not for moaning mean, and suppliant show ;  
 But for the terror of Britannia's arm  
 He shall restore our own, in just alarm ;  
     For loftilie, oh loftilie,  
     Imperiallic, imperiallic  
 Our armies shall prefer our high command,  
 And rescue or revenge our captive band.

Even in their chains our children shall not sue ;  
 Even in their chains they shall have honor due ;  
 Better than hurt them, savage, haste and die ;  
     We swear it by renowned Assaye,  
     And manye a laurelled battle-daye,  
 Our father's spirit, and our own as high,  
 They shall be safe and honoured in thy hand,  
 Or else their funeral pile shall be thy land ;  
     We swear, for everie precious hair,  
     We swear, for everie woman's tear,  
 A thousand lives shall fall : barbarian, hear,  
 And learn Britannia's prisoners to fear.

## FAREWELL.

ONCE more ere we part and thou cross the far wave,  
Farewell, my own, my onlie brother ;  
We may ne'er meet again on this side the dark grave,  
But ne'er believe me, ne'er another,  
However kind and true, can be  
What thou hast been to me.

I may still love the friends of my earliest years,  
But thou wert of the selfsame mother :  
We have mingled in childhood our smiles and our tears,  
And ne'er, believe me, ne'er another,  
However kind and true, can be  
What thou hast been to me.

Hot passion o'erclouded the light of thy morn ;  
But thou art wiser now, my brother ;  
Remember the lessons experience has borne,  
And ne'er, believe me, ne'er another,  
However kind and true, can be  
What thou hast been to me.

May God be thy friend, and good angels thy guides,  
And bright thy future fate, my brother ;  
But in joy or in sorrow, whatever betides,  
Still ne'er, believe me, ne'er another,  
However kind and true, can be  
What thou hast been to me.

The Atlantic may roll its broad billows between,  
New friends may greet us both, my brother,  
But our hearts yet will meet in communion unseen,  
For ne'er to either, ne'er another,  
However kind and true, can be  
What thou hast been to me.

HUGH PUGH.

It was the famous olden time, when fighting was in  
vogue,  
And he who could not fight was thought no better  
than a rogue ;  
The jollie rows of Town and Gown were scarcelie  
then a joke,  
For manie a pint of blood they shed, and manie a  
head they broke.

It was a lustie Welshman came out of his wild  
countrie,  
And gallantlie he fought'midst Town and Universitie ;  
The strongest 'snob' would bargain for at least  
companions two,  
Before he went to fisticuffs, and ventured on Hugh  
Pugh.

It was a brawnie bargeman sat with pipe and pot in  
hand,  
And swore he did not care a curse for anye in the  
land ;  
And as for all your Undergrads, or even that Hugh  
Pugh,  
Just let him have the chance to try, he'd teach them  
who was who.

The gallant speech was noised abroad by all the  
tongues of Fame,  
And to the lists or to the ring the lustie champions  
came,  
And voices shouted loud and high, and bets went  
merrilie,  
And some the valiant Welshman backed, and some  
the broad bargee.

Oh, sturdilie, oh, sturdilie, the lustie champions stood,  
Oh, merrilie, oh, merrilie, the fists of both drew blood,  
But ah, the fame of Wales and eke of Universitie,  
The ample-shouldered Hugh is down, and leaning on  
one knee.

“ Fair play, you bargee brute, fair play,” the gowns-  
men shouted all,

As still the bargeman forward pressed upon his foe-  
man’s fall ;

But pleasantlie the Welshman smiled, and to his  
friends he cried,

“ Now make your bets, my merrie men, I’ll just  
embrace my bride.”

Then like a bolster in his arms the broad bargee he took,  
And everye living drop of breath from out his bodye  
shook ;

“ Oh spare him sir, for heaven’s dear sake,” the towns-  
men shouted all,

And right good need they had, I ween, to raise their  
suppliant call.

For like the broad Antæus once in Hercules’ embrace,  
Even so the broad and bold bargee had blackened in  
the face ;

And when the rugged clasp relaxed in pitye and  
remorse,

Upon the ground the bargeman fell, scarce better  
than a corse.

And when at length he came to life, the Welshman  
all in vain

Invited him in courtesye to try a turn again.

“ I thank you, sir,” the bargeman cried, “ but I’ve  
had quite enough—

If that’s the way you hold your wife, she’ll soon have  
quantum suff!”

Now if you fain would know the space, Hugh Pugh  
could leap across,

You must enquire at Oxford, sir, or else be at a loss ;  
I’ll onely say that no two men in leap combined could  
clear it,

Such as at present freshmen are—and if you doubt,  
I’ll swear it.

But years can tame the strong of limb, and wrinkle  
o’er the fair,

And manye a hoarie winter’s snow will change the  
raven hair ;

And stout Hugh Pugh is waxen old—and, vanquished  
in his turn,

His steps draw nigh the bourne from whence no  
travellers return.



In pride of youth and health, from out the wild and  
west countrie,

Two jollye countrymen there came the stout Hugh  
Pugh to see :

The old man's gentle heart was touched to hear the  
sound of Wales,

And fondlie sighed, remembering all her pleasant  
hills and vales.

He did not, like an Englishman, direct them to the inn,  
But kindlie bade them come and try what cheer he  
had within :

His rustye black the old man doffed, and donned his  
Sunday best, [zest.

And sent the old port round the board with hospitable

Right merrilie he told his feats and fought his battles  
o'er,

And mourned that men no longer were as men had  
been of yore :

But silent sadness came at length, and spite of all his  
cheer,

The old man bent his head in vain to hide the trick-  
ling tear.



## SAILOR'S SONG.

IN the darkness of night, when the stars in their motion  
Twinkled brightlie as gems on the face of the ocean,  
'Twas a young British sailor stood musing alone,  
And the wild breezes answered his song with their own.

I've a father and mother I've left far at home,  
And there's Betsie sometimes thinks of me while I roam;  
How they'll smile when I come all victorious and free,  
When we've chased all our foes from the face of the sea.

Hurrah for Britannia, the Queen of the wave,  
The land of our fathers, the free and the brave !  
Though her glories are ancient, her day's not gone bye,  
While her sons are determined to conquer or die.

As her flag at Trafalgar victorious arose,  
So again and again it shall rise o'er her foes ;  
If they cheat us in peace, we can beat them in war,  
Both the Yankees and French, and his highness the Czar.

The Yankees are heroes for long proclamations,  
And if talking was fighting, they'd conquer all nations ;  
But put us together, we'll bring down their spleen,  
And we'll teach all the Congress to kneel to our Queen.

We'll teach them to reverence the rights of our land,  
Not to come o'er the frontier with plundering band ;  
And we'll break off the chains of the poor negro slave,  
While we conquer for Britain, the Queen of the wave.

I've a father and mother I've left far at home,  
And there's Betsie sometimes thinks of me while I roam ;  
How they'll smile when I come all victorious and free,  
When we've chased all our foes from the face of the sea.

#### A WANDERING FANCYE.

FROM all I loved so rudely torn,  
So early and so far away ;  
I die, but would not have thee mourn,  
I would not darken o'er thy day,  
Nor have thee think of me.

When joy is in my father's hall,  
And when my sister is a bride,  
May heaven in mercie smile o'er all ;  
Let them not mourn for him who died,  
Nor vainlie think of me.

My friends in boyhood and in youth  
From manie an old remembrance dear,  
Although I doubt not of their truth,  
Let them not shed an idle tear,  
Nor vainlie think of me.

My green and unforgotten land,  
The mountain fortress of my sires,  
Cambria, will have her patriot band  
To feed her old immortal fires,  
And need not think of me.

But thou, the last for whom I weep,  
My own most tender and most true,  
My Cariad, when afar I sleep,  
I would not have thee vainlie rue,  
Nor sadlie think of me.

To others give the hours of light,  
And thoughts which shudder at the tomb;  
Yet sometimes in the silent night,  
And sometimes in the hour of gloom,  
My loved one, think of me.

When all alone in evening's shade,  
Or gazing on the ocean wave,  
When musing on the flowers that fade,  
Or passing by the rustic's grave,  
My loved one, think of me.

My ashes rest in foreign ground,  
I died without a friend at hand,  
I died unknown to glorie's sound,  
But haplie in my father's land  
My loved one thinks of me.

TO A STREAMLET

BETWEEN TROYES AND BAR-SUR-SEINE.

GENTLE Naiad, with thy stream  
Creeping through the willows green,  
Other waves may brighter seem,  
Others lave a fairer scene :  
Yet since thou has gentlie given  
Freshness to my thirstie mouth,  
Dazzled by the noonday heaven,  
Drooping from the sultrie south,  
Therefore may the vernal showers  
Feed thee with their softest dew,  
Therefore may the rosie hours  
Crown thee still with garlands new ;  
Therefore be thou ever blest,  
More than all thy sisters bright.  
And when thou on Ocean's breast,  
Gentle murmuring, sink at night,  
Where the waterie spirits dwell,  
Tell him, 'twas Gorónva's prayer,  
That in pearl and coral cell,  
He would give thee welcome fair.

So when meaner streams shall perish,  
 Lost amid the nameless throng,  
 Thee with pride old Time shall cherish,  
 Hallowed by the poet's song.

## THE TRAVELLER WITHOUT IMPEDIMENTS.

OH with what pleasant triumph on the arm  
 I sling my modest pack ; when, work all over  
 And sights all seen, I haste, light-hearted rover,  
 From each fair spot I tread to fresher charm.  
 No wearie pile of baggage, no alarm,  
 Lest this or that be lost ; but like the plover  
 Or partridge, springing from her golden cover,  
 I wing my flight with fancie's impulse warm.

Full soon the hour will come, when to a bourne  
 Distant and dread, on perilous journey bound,  
 We must arise and go ; then least forlorn,  
 Then happiest he, who little from the ground  
 Shall need to gather, but with easie flight  
 Shall spread uncumbered wings to realms of light.



THE TRAVELLER'S PROCRASTINATION.

THE loiterer in everlasting Rome,  
Or soft Parthenope, sees day by day  
Go gliding onward in their easie way,  
Until the spring, when to his island home  
And dutie's round he turn, no more to roam :  
Then manie an ancient fane and ruin gray,  
Or painter's work or place of poet's lay  
Unseen, reproach him as he ploughs the foam.

O wanderer, learn in time, and with thy might  
Let all thy work be wrought ; since all in vain  
We call the sunnie hours, when ample night  
Clothes heaven in starlit gloom. Now break the  
chain,  
And in the day do battle for the right ;  
Else Death brings dark regret and self-disdain.

UNSTABLE AS WATER.

AN ALLEGORIE.

OH, who could foretell, when we parted in sorrow,  
That our love ere we met would have loosened its  
hold ?

But we know not to day of the clouds of to-morrow,  
We foresee not how hearts grow indifferent and cold.

So we met after absence of years and of danger,  
When her heart in its fondness no longer was mine ;  
And I scarce touched her hand, like the hand of a  
stranger,  
And our eyes coldlie met like the wintrie stars shine.

O fickle as air, and unstable as water,  
Yet fairer than light when it breaks o'er the sea ;  
Can I ever forget thee, O Beautie's false daughter,  
Can the feelings be quenched I have cherished for  
thee ?

.

Though my heart would have sprang to my lips as  
she entered,

And I fain would have clasped her fair form to my  
breast ;

Lost affection and pride their dominion concentered,  
And we met unrejoicing, and parted unblest.

So we lose as we live all the accents of kindness,

Which grow fainter in absence or die in the tomb ;  
Or we spurn their soft sounds in our passionate  
blindness,

And we quench the fair light which illumined  
life's gloom.

Everie day thus the shadows fall thicker around me,

And my path is more lonelie throughout the vain  
throng :

Cheerup, my brave heart, and if sorrow have bound me,

Let us break off its fetters with wine and with song.

OUR GOLDEN PRIME.

"O meines leben's goldne zeit."—SCHILLER.

O THOU, who in thy plaintive lays  
Wouldst call again thy golden prime,  
Say, hast thou felt in all thy days,  
Enjoyment of the present time?

Thou tellest of the visions falling  
In rapture on thy youthful eye;  
And vainlie on the blank void calling,  
Thou heavest now the drearie sigh.

Say, does not memorie gild the past  
With radiance caught from fancye's beam?  
Say, is not all our life at last  
A drearie and deluding dream?

For me, I never knew the season  
I fain would pray to live again;  
But passion ever strove with reason,  
And hope with disappointment vain.

Joy into speedie woe subsiding,  
Repentance following on sin,  
Strife for the truth, the one abiding,  
Cold hearts without, mine weak within.

My boyhood's smiles were drowned in tears,  
My keen youth bound in labour's chain ;  
My manhood varies but the years  
With strife, with error, and with pain.

Friends well beloved fell off, or died ;  
Love onlie held his torch afar :  
And thou,<sup>36</sup> dear Muse, hast onlie cried,  
How far above the clod the star.

Take not the future hope away,  
Say not it must be drearie still ;  
There let the picturing fancie play,  
The hungrie soul her craving fill.

For wisdom gathers strength from time,  
And chains well worn more lightlie bind ;  
Then, rather far than in our prime,  
Even in our woe, our weal we find.

## OPSINOUS.

IF I had known how far I was to fall,  
 What fascinating power to please or pain  
 Would twine around my spirit, like a chain  
 Binding in sweet but too engrossing thrall ;  
 Then had I stood afar, nor heard the call  
 Of that dear voice which lured me with its strain ;  
 Nor watched that form whose verie footsteps rain  
 Joy and desire, like queen of Faerie Hall.  
 But oh poor fool of love ! who idlie came  
 And trod within the circle of her charms,  
 Till I was blinded by her starrie eyes :  
 Like simple child, to whom the lightnings' flame  
 Glitters a plaything, and with outstretched arms  
 He courts, and withered by its radiance, dies.

## ANWYL AND BRONWEN.

## THE OLD FASHION OF WELSH COURTSHIP.

WHY waitest thou, fair maiden, at the midnight hour ?  
 They all are gone to rest, but thou hast not the power :

Why watchest thou, and mournest in thy murmured  
strain,

“ Oh, woe my restless heart, I cannot lull its pain.

“ Why tarrie, O my Anwyl, when for thee I wait,  
The hours have all run on, but Anwyl's foot is late ;  
The glowing peat has faded, and the night is chill,  
But at my heart there is a flame consuming still.”

“ The stars have been my bright companions on my way,  
But it is dark until I see thee flashing daye :  
The torrent crossed my path, the night frost gemmed  
my hair,  
They have not quenched my love, my own, my  
Bronwen fair.”

“ Why dream I wait for thee, thou false and per-  
jured boy ?

What care I if thou go where fairer maids decoy ?”

“ O Bronwen, though I passed the Fairies' haunted  
tree,

I looked not on their dance, but hastened on to thee.”

If water soften rock, and tyrants yield to prayer,  
Then he who prays to maiden never need despair :  
Their joy was like the joy when wildest dreams are  
    gained,  
Like when the gloomie deep is passed, and heaven  
    attained.

## FREEDOM FROM PARTIE SPIRIT.

LIKE eagle<sup>37</sup>—born the monarch of the sky,  
    But pent in prison and forbid to range,  
    While gilded bars, for freedom sad exchange,  
Confined the wandering of his restless eye—  
Bursts from his chains, and instant springs on high,  
    Treading at will the path of purer day,  
    All heaven and earth's expanse his open way,  
Rapt in grand silence free from discord's cry :  
So in my boyhood, yearning to descry  
    Truth's onlie light, but yet untaught to stray  
From narrow bound, where candour's blossoms die,  
    Paled by the lurid light of faction's ray,  
Now am I free ; no tempest driving bye  
    Can daunt or dazzle now my calm survey.



## THE SAME CONTINUED.

Who holds his mind beyond the reach of fate ;  
Who feels no jealous pang from wealth or pride,  
Nor, at their bidding, honour sets aside :  
Who stoops not on the multitude to wait,  
Nor with plebeian envye slanders state,  
Nor yet with cold disdain surveys the tide  
Of hopes and yearnings which mankind divide ;  
Who would not chain the press, yet scorns its hate ;  
Who for the throne would die, but not do wrong ;  
Believe the church, yet raise no bigot tone,  
Nor truckle to the manye nor the strong,—  
This is my friend, my brother ; though alone,  
Ill used, ill known, belied by libel's throng,  
While blind men judge his motives by their own.

## SYMPATHY WITH THE UNKNOWN.

MANYE the friends to whom I've never spoken :  
One has knelt bye me in a foreign land ;  
One in some wood or vale or rocky strand  
Shared of the season's change each pleasant token :

One I've heard eloquent in some great cause ;

    In one a kindred heart I understand ;

    In one, by nature destined to command,

Wisdom or lofty glance my spirit awes ;—

All these, and manye more, I never knew,

    Nor e'er shall know ; but follow with my eye

And heartie aspiration : may the dew

    Of heaven fall kindlie where their steps draw nigh ;

Their power draw o'er to good, what I ne'er drew ;

    And may their light wax bright, though mine may  
    die.

#### LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST.

OH, if my power might equal my desire,

    Imperishable melodie thy name

    Should all enshrine ; and I would woo great Fame

In her eternal dome to throne thee higher

Than fair Hypatia,<sup>38</sup> who with mingled fire

    Of wisdom and of beautye free from blame,

    The Orient's saint and sage could melt and tame ;

Or that inspired Corilla, on whose lyre

All Rome the garland Capitolian hung ;  
For thee of English birth, but British heart,  
Our bardic harp neglected and unstrung  
Moved to the soul, and at thy touch there start  
Old harmonies to life ; our ancient tongue  
Opens, its buried treasure to impart.

## MRS. HEMANS.

AND thou too, stranger minstrel of our land,  
Like some bright foreign bird all summer long  
Repaying hospitalitie with song,  
Whom woodland Elwye heard with woman's hand  
Awaken music, and with high command  
Send forth the strain, which echo bears along  
Through all the nations' many-voiced throng,  
To comfort broken heart on manye a strand ;  
Thy genius has wrought out its own renown,  
Thou wilt not need from feeble hand like mine  
One flower the more to gild thy laureate crown.  
Yet oh, most gentle ladye, if from shrine  
Of minstrel glorye thou wilt deign look down,  
Then hear me praise and bless thy song divine.

WELSH RIVERS.

Dost thou ask of old immortal streams ?

Go and climb Ereiri's<sup>39</sup> steep,

Where the rainbow-winged angel dreams

Hover o'er the poet's sleep :

'Tis there where Memorie's bright-eyed daughters

Play by the Glaslyn's azure waters.

Does thy heart beat high at actions brave ?

Go and gaze on the gentle Wye ;

'Twas the scene of Freedom's bloodie grave,

And Llewelyn's latest sigh.

Ah, lightlie deems the stranger cold

Of all our patriot brave of old.

Go and muse by the Conwye's roaring fall,

Where the rocks are white with foam ;

Or the glen where it sleeps 'mid forests tall,

Which o'erhang its amber home ;

There let the bardie waves prolong

The memorie of our sons of song.

Thou wilt love in the Vyrniew's pleasant vale  
On its woodland bank to linger ;  
Thou wilt go where the Dee still tells its tale  
Of the blind immortal singer,  
And echoes dim of wondrous lore  
Are heard along the haunted shore.

In the Dovey's waves the salmon play,  
And I love its everie hill ;  
It is there, as erst in Cambria's day,  
Thou wilt find the Cymry still.  
Flow on, my own ancestral river,  
Flow brightlie, merrilie, for ever !

## DOURANIA.

God, who inspires the lonelie seer,  
God, who gives wisdom where He will,  
Gives to the storm-swept mountaineer  
Wild faith and old tradition still.

I never heard a wondrous storie  
By foreign stream or ancient strand,  
But lingered in remembrance hoarie  
Its fellow in my father's land.

How many an echo of romance,  
What strains from harp inspired of old,  
Offspring of wild unearthlie trance,  
Still linger round our shepherd's fold.

The strong hills hold their treasure ever,  
The wild wind murmurs as of yore ;  
From heart unstained no time can sever  
The deep-traced spell of hallowed lore.

If of the Moringer they tell,  
Who ghost-like to the bridal came ;  
Give but the art of minstrel's shell,  
Our peasants still recount the same.

Or if they moan the lost Undine,  
Hard bye Beddgelert's wondrous vale  
There rolls a lake of wintrie sheen,  
Whose waters tell the same sad tale.

The fairer than the fair of earth,  
The child and dweller of the rill,  
The mingler in the wierd-like mirth,  
Whose wild tones haunt the trackless hill,

Dourania to her deep abode  
Deigned the young shepherd's step to lead,  
The depth's strange treasure fondlie showed,  
And asked of human love the meed ;

Asked, that of sorrow she might share,  
If wedded to a human heart ;  
So might she breathe love's holier air,  
And in mankind's great hope have part.

Ah, all unworthie, Glyndor vain,  
Of that fair form and gracious spell ;  
How could'st thou dare with blow of pain  
To violate who loved so well ?

Thee, rugged churl, her kindred's law  
Smote down in guilt's untimelie grave ;  
She pined and sighed, nor man e'er saw  
Again the dweller of the wave.

THE ISLE OF ANGLESEY.

DARKNESS and storm were on Menai's flood,  
When arose the bright genius of Mona,  
Mourning her robe of ancestral wood,  
Which had rivalled the haunted Dodona.

“ Oaks which beheld the tremendous rites,  
When the Druid once hallowed my shore ;  
Shades which had waved o'er a thousand fights,  
Are statelie and verdant no more.”

Angel of nations, thou heardest all,  
And thy answer rose high on the blast—  
“ Favoured of Glorie, not vain thy call,  
Not unheeded thy wailing has past.

“ Tempests may sweep o'er thy naked isle,  
Rugged Ocean around it may foam ;  
Valour and Faith, and bright Beautie's smile,  
Notwithstanding shall make it their home.



“ Bards<sup>40</sup> shall be born on thy saered soil,  
Who shall gild it in Poesie’s beam ;  
Valour and manhood shall often foil  
The enemies’ pride-swollen dream.

“ Murmur not, Queen of the Druids’ isle,  
That thy forests are verdant no more ;  
Look on thy harvest of men, and smile,  
For their glorie shall clothe thy wild shore.”

## MORYS LLOYD.

## THE LLEDWIGAN THRASHER.

THOUGH not of knight or baron old,  
Yet listen, gentles, to my tale ;  
’Tis of a thrasher stout and bold,  
Who wielded lustilie his flail.

For he was true to Britain’s king,  
In spite of Rump and rebels’ reign,  
And o’er his toil he still would sing,  
“ God send our Prince his own again.”

With sword and lance the soldiers came,  
    (A price upon his head was placed) ;  
The coward rebels thought no shame  
    A single man their thirtye faced.

Forward his right foot's ample stride,  
    His left was firm against the wall ;  
There all their numbers he defied,  
    And forced their steel-clad heads to fall.

Seven of that companie he slew  
    With flail and with his own right hand ;  
Heaven grant, his spirit firm and true  
    May pure before his Maker stand !

A stone,<sup>41</sup> I've heard my father tell,  
    Stands yet above his simple grave ;  
It says, he fought the battle well,  
    His countrie and his king to save.

I'd rather sleep beneath that stone,  
    Than rule with traitors in their pride ;  
For faith and loyalty alone  
    Are better than the world beside.

EUTHANASIA.

“ The kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia.”

*Arbuthnot to Pope.*

If friend there be, who fain would raise  
Prevailing prayer for me on high,  
Ask not for health and length of days,  
But heart and hope to calmie die.

Oh, let me pass the gloomie stream,  
Nor tremble in the hour of dread,  
But cherish well the heavenlie beam,  
That lights the chamber of the dead.

And when I tread the shadowie shore,  
Like phantom on the wings of sleep,  
When myriad spirits round me soar,  
And ghostlie voices strange and deep :

Lest in that hour of wonder dim  
I faint in dark perplexitie,  
Let me have help and power from Him  
Who robbed the grave of victorie.

THE ARRAN'S SIDE.

'Twas on the Arran's rugged side,  
    Rolled the mist and sunbeam mingled ;  
And as I gazed, in quicker tide  
    All my blood with pleasure tingled.

And where I trod the downward steep,  
    Rose a cottage small and lowlie,  
And loveliness and quiet deep  
    Threw around a sunshine holie.

A mother in the pride of youth  
    Met me with her infant smiling ;  
I saw, how God in tender ruth  
    Gave us love our toil beguiling.

When she had told my onward way,  
    Yet she stayed my steps retreating ;  
And, hesitating, turned to say,  
    “ Haplie, thou hast need of eating.

“ My husband's house hath humble show,  
Yet may everie stranger rest there ;  
So ere upon thy way thou go,  
Take ‘ a morsel’<sup>12</sup> of the best there.”

I needed not her offer kind,  
But I thanked the God of heaven,  
That in our hills to humble mind,  
Gentle goodness he had given.

## A POET'S FATE.

I HAD a dream in boyhood, I should be  
Famous, and move a giant in my time ;  
Yet it foreshadowed, all around should climb,  
Quicker and deftlier up the fruitful tree  
Of wealth and fair repute ; for vainlie me  
Its boughs would tempt, if soiled by earthlie slime :  
So might I gaze and muse, or idlie rhyme,  
While others grasped the prize or golden fee.

Half has been partlie true ; for all around

My young compeers succeed ; and I, meanwhile,  
Train my lone heart by wandering fancies fed.

Alas, what chance ! the other will be found

As trulie boding : yet content I smile,  
And bless the dew which falls on others' head.

### NEKYO-MANTEIA.

'TWAS when the clouds were fleeting fast

Around the chariot of the wind,

Touched like an aspen by the blast,

Fell loose the fetters from my mind.

I saw with my diviner eye,

Vast crowds of spirits swell the air :

Now hovering far, now bending nigh,

They bade me high communion share.

“ Learn, mortal brother, learn,” they cried,

“ The secret of the world unseen ;

Throw pride away, cast mirth aside,

Tread like a pilgrim life's short scene.

“ Lo here the youngest of our throng,  
Him thy companion and thy friend ;  
So live, that thou mayst join our song,  
Nor wailing with our welcome blend.”

“ Oh, hear their warning !” cried the spirit  
Who last had entered Death’s grim portal ;  
“ Oh, flee the stain which must inherit  
Dishonour in the realm immortal.

“ Me too, thou knowest, life’s vain dream  
Lured oft to soil my garment bright :  
Oh, purge thine own—thou know’st the stream  
Where it may gather hues of light.”

Then came a sadder, lowlier cry  
From one whom also I had known ;  
Gloomie and dim, afar on high,  
He lingered from the crowd alone.

He might not tell, I weened, his fate,  
Though hope was mingled in his gloom ;  
But like a guest scarce entered late,  
Scarce safe he seemed from some dark doom.

Sad and bewildered as I saw,  
 My ears drank in his earnest tone;  
 And wondering of his lot with awe,  
 I turned to muse upon my own.

### A CATHEDRAL SERVICE ON SUNDAY AFTER- NOON.

Is this Thy worship, Searcher of the heart?  
 Or does thy Spirit love the column's height,  
 The fretted roof, the window's pictured light;  
 The organ's peal made eloquent by art;  
 And this gay crowd, who, like in showie mart,  
 With wandering glances feast on sight and sound,  
 Soiling with worldlie feet the holiest ground,  
 Spectators merelie of some well-played part?—  
 Rather, far rather, at the humble shrine  
 Of some poor mountain church, where wind and rain  
 Beat through the time-worn walls, I could resign  
 My soul to prayer, 'mid gray-haired rustie's strain,  
 Thrilling with awe more real, more divine,  
 Than in the pomp which giddye crowds profane.



## FRET NOT THYSELF.

“PURGE out thy vineyard, purge it swiftlie, Lord,  
And, as of old, into thy house of prayer  
Come, and cast out what works pollution there !”  
Almost I cried, with fond and hastie word,  
To break the slumber of thy tarrying sword ;  
But thy dear Spirit gentlie said, “ Forbear  
A tower, which on thy head may fall, to rear :  
For what art thou, to break the fair accord  
Which Justice holds with Mercie ? linked on high,  
They bide their destined time ; and if in wrath  
Their bond were loosened, what were then thy cry ?  
Where might be first the dread avenger’s path ?—  
Be still, and if thy fancye must have scope,  
Fear for thyself, and for thy brother hope.”

## MISOCHLOS.

Not that I think me better than the meanest  
Of all earth’s children ; not that I could scorn  
Communion with the least of Adam born :  
No, but for this because I long with keenest

Desire and yearning—therefore, when thou leanest  
On broken reeds and trifles, jests long worn,  
Unmeaning words, smiles chillie and forlorn,  
Hollow Societie; and when thou weanest  
Men from their better selves, from food the heart  
Requires to live on, therefore I disdain  
And loathe thy painted forms and feigning art :  
Give me fresh thoughts, which in the shrine have lain  
Within the soul ; else let me stand apart,  
And to myself and nature access gain.

## LITERATURE AND ACTION.

WONDROUS, I grant, and caught from heaven the flame  
Of Grecian inspiration ; cast in mould  
Of iron were the hands, whose grasp could hold  
Old Rome's dominion o'er the nations tame :  
But shall our soul's great fabric to their fame  
Mere echoes render back, and not enfold  
And cradle in its depth things new and bold ?  
Who thus would ape the dead, but lives to shame.

Come, rather, feed the flocks on Snowdon's side,  
Or snatch fresh fields from rock, or moor, or wave ;  
Or risk the world's great strife ; or, patient bide,  
Warning, where Christ's flock tempt the greedie  
grave ;  
Or feed, or clothe, or heal ; count better need  
Things to be sung, than song of others deed.

## CHRISTIAN THEISM.

ART Thou not He who made us, God for ever,  
God of the Patriarchs and the Saints of old,  
By whose true Spirit those high seers foretold  
The distant future ! Shall we dare dis sever  
The dread Eternal, or in fancy's mould  
Fashion a dreamie thing, an idol sign,  
And trust the random voices at its shrine,  
Offspring of vain desire and vision bold ?—  
Rather we cling to *Him*, of Jacob's line  
Father and God ; whom everie conscious tone  
In Nature's great expanse proclaims divine.  
Anchor and Rock of might ! since Thou hast shown  
Thy power and mercie, therefore, when we pine,  
Yet dare we hope in Thy dear love alone.

## THE GODDESS OF REASON.

AS PROCLAIMED DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MADMEN! who dared to rend the Altar's frame,

Profane the temples of our living dread,

And, trampling on His faith, to rear instead  
That idol incarnation of their shame.

Worms of an hour, who dreamt th' Eternal name

Could perish from the earth! Serene on high

A moment slept the thunders of the sky ;

So they exulted on—but lo, what came ?

The strife, the fall, the shame, the slayer slain,

The death unblest, the hopeless hour of woe,

The cup of anguish drained, and filled again.

Wretches ! their dream is past—th' avenging foe

Rudelic aroused their sleep, and different strain

Breaks from the humbled kingdom, bending low.

## APOLOGY TO FRANCE.

O GLORIOUS France ! dear land of chivalrie,

Not thee I blame, but those dark foes of truth

Who were thy bane. For hospitable ruth,

And kindness of the heart, with courtesie,

Not bought by gold, but flowing eagerlie,  
Greeted me ever, as my lone steps wound  
Their foot-sore wandering o'er thy sunnie ground,  
Though War's grim clouds were lowering gloomilie.  
Deem not, I join the slanderers of thy fame :  
When by the ruder children of our land  
Thou art belied, my hot cheeks burn with shame ;  
And not unbreathed my sigh, that Truth might stand,  
Chasing the mists between each neighbouring shore,  
Teaching us war and calumnie no more.

## SUFFERING, OR SIN.

THERE never was calamitie, or pain,  
Or withering strange disease, which men have known,  
But often, when the suffering hour was gone,  
Men smiled, and said in self-devoted strain,  
“ We would not have it otherwise, nor fain  
Would wish God's providence were not thus shown.”  
But thousand, thousand times before the Throne  
Of mercie, men have knelt, and knelt again,  
Wishing, with bitter tears, past wrong undone,  
Lost hours recalled, or sin's polluting stain

Never contracted. Still incessant on  
 The dark wheels roll, and TIME with fierce disdain  
 Scowls from his fierie car. Oh, pray to shun  
 Before, what after to recall is vain.

## RELIGIOUS DOUBTS, AND THE WAY OF HOPE.

THE seed bears fruit, the fountain swells a stream ;  
 Our acts to habits, sins to sickness grow,  
 And death succeeds—so everiewhere below  
 All things alike with consequences teem :  
 Therefore, O dread Necessitie, I deem  
 Thou must be governor of all we know.  
 Then how can God forgive ? or who can show  
 Those laws will change, which everlasting seem ?  
 But Christ, by dying, took the curse away—  
 Took it from whom ? for some, we own, will die ;  
 Some will be saved—but if our destined day  
 We spend in sin, who knows, shall thou or I ?  
 “ Well, but *believe*,” methinks I hear thee say—  
 I’ll worship thee, if thou canst tell me *why*.

Is it then unbelief to doubt our end ?

Rather, methinks, it were audacious sin

To boast of idle oracles within

Predicting glorie, while we fail to mend

Our hearts and lives corrupt, and while we send

Our prayers on high, all mingled with the din

Of strife and pursuits to the world akin.

The pure may hope with puritie to blend—

But I, poor worm, a thousandfold defiled,

I onlie dare in impotence bow down,

Veiling my eyes, to pray—" Eternal Lord,

Have mercie on thy weak and wayward child ;

Thou knowest how sinners gain the saintlie crown—

Forgive my doubting, while I trust Thy word."

"The pure may hope with puritie to blend,"

I wrote and still I hold ; for it is said,

Our God is holie ; therefore must I dread

The fearful bourne to which our reasonings tend.

Yet not of uprightness untaught to bend,

Nor spotless puritie, I speak ; for dead

Were then all hope, and all the promise fled ;

But still repentance may have blessed end.

What then remains, but to subdue our pride,  
    Deaden our lust, and agonising cry  
To Him who helps the tempted in their need ;  
    Even in the world cast worldliness aside,  
Wielding the fierie armour forged on high :  
    After repentance, then may hope succeed.

## NON EADEM EST ÆTAS.

Too late, dear George, too late you wear  
That simpering face and spritelie air,—  
    Too late the young man's part you play ;  
In vain you toil to move with ease,  
Make it your life's dull task to please,  
    And to the fair your homage pay.

Young was Apollo in his pride,  
And young, Adonis, when he died ;  
    Youth may its course of follie run :  
Grant it to sigh and smile in turn,  
And with its graceful raptures burn,  
    From seventeen to twenty-one.



But you, whom by the wrinkling brow,  
Whom by the solemn priestlie vow  
Voices of nobler import call ;  
Who see you in your mission stand,  
Ask, if who bears high heaven's command  
Sink to the heroe of the ball.

Learn with your years your mind to change ;  
Lest, while you strive with ease to range  
O'er follie and o'er wisdom's scale,  
Wanting the grace of boyish hour,  
And wanting manhood's graver power,  
Grasping at both, in both you fail.

## LONDON VIOLETS.

POOR withered flowers !  
How all the charms are faded,  
Which gentle sun and showers  
Have fostered day by day,  
Beneath some hedgerow shaded  
In valley far away.

How dull the blue,  
Which imitated heaven !  
How dim the verdant hue,  
Which seem'd by Nature's hand  
A robe of gladness given  
To bless the wintrie land !

What now remains  
Of all the fragrance cherished ?  
The idle air disdains  
To linger on the leaves  
Where all the charm has perished,  
And silent Patience grieves.

Surelie around  
Your birth-place Nymphs are mourning !  
Surelie the rifled ground  
Will fear to flower again,  
Lest on to-morrow's dawning  
It find its labour vain.

Yet not in vain  
Your beautye perished, wreathing  
With hope dull labour's chain ;  
And in the drearie town  
A gale of incense breathing  
From spring else hardlie known.

## ST. DAVID'S STREET, EDINBURGH.

LIGHT lie the earth on him who gave  
St. David by St. Andrew place ;  
He reckoned well our good and brave  
Akin in honour and in race—  
Free were the Cymry ever,  
Free are the kindred Gael.

He was not dead to glorie old,  
Or all the virtues still remaining ;  
He gave not heed to false tales told,  
Or Saxon lies our lineage staining ;  
For slandered are the Cymry,  
And slandered are the Gael.

We hate not now the sons and daughters  
Of those our heritage who rent ;  
But ever in the mingling waters  
Honour the purer element :  
Give honour to the Cymry,  
Give honour to the Gael.

Ours is their noblest, gentlest blood ;  
Our toil has helped to raise their fame ;  
So in renown by land or flood,  
Not won alone by Saxon name,  
Sharers be the Cymry,  
And sharers be the Gael.

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

How can I pay the homage of the heart,  
When thou art scarce of British race ?  
How can I play the courtier's busie part,  
Or robe in smiles my eager face ?

Scarcely a lingering drop of Tudor blood  
In all thy veins retains its force ;  
Yet dearer far to me, than all the flood  
From Gothic and polluted source.

Ah ! not with melodie of Cambrian sound  
Thou wilt ascend the path of fame :  
The glories of the ancient Table Round  
Are merged in loveless alien name.

Yet to thy infant greatness, princelie boy,  
True faith and loyaltie we own :  
Britannia's general prayer, and fear, and joy,  
Will gather round thy future throne.

Even I, a dreamer of forgotten things,  
Scarcely breathing in this English air,  
While all the land with acclamation rings,  
Am forced the general joy to share.

And when I stood by Windsor's lordlie shrine,  
And saw the Queenlie mother mild,  
And heard that meek old man, in pomp divine,  
Call heaven to bless the regal child ;

Then I forgot my injured country's wrong,  
And joined the universal prayer,  
The aspiration of the choral song,  
That heaven would make our prince its care.

And may the Spirits of our purer light,  
The gentle of chivalric fire,  
Hovering around thy cradle in their flight,  
Princelie and generous dream inspire ;

Save thee from Teuton treacherie and pride,  
And England's mercenarie leaven ;  
With liberal hand and gentle heart allied,  
To rule as delegate of heaven.

And oh, remember in maturer hour,  
That Freedom was of British birth :  
Though all the world should honor lawless power,  
We must remain the free of earth.

So shall the glorie of the patriot king  
Thee from the vulgar tyrants sever ;  
So shall thy people love, and poets sing  
The memorie of thy reign for ever.

So shalt thou worthilie the sceptre sway  
 Of Her, our dearest dread and joy ;  
 On whom all heavenlie blessings fall, we pray,  
 And lightlie sit the state and world's annoye.

## THE DECAY OF OLD THINGS.

*μεγαλοσχήμονα τ', ἀρχαιοπρέπη στένουσι τίμαν.*

'Twas in the wildest, loneliest place,  
 On Horror's consecrated ground,  
 Unconscious of a human face,  
 Unhearing of a human sound ;  
 Where the torrent's foam has birth ;  
 Mightie queen and mother Earth  
 In her native pride rejoices,  
 Listening to her children's voices ;  
 Now the brawling torrent's shock,  
 Headlong tossed from rock to rock,  
 And now from gloomie hiding-place  
 The brooding tempest's sullen roar ;  
 Nor there unheard the gentler wind,  
 Which ruffles with its nameless grace  
 For ever free and unconfined  
 The dimples on Llyn Idwal's face,<sup>33</sup>

While playful waters shake  
The undulating lake,  
And loiter ere they break  
Redundant on the lonelie shore.

All alone I sank to sleep,  
Shade and gloom of horror deep  
Lay heavie on my soul ;  
Deeper than the sleep of men,  
Deep as darkness o'er the glen,  
When storms o'er forests roll.  
They came around me in a throng,  
Their wailing rose upon the air ;  
I knew their wild unearthlie song,  
I knew that shadowie forms were there.  
'Twas like the solemn scene of night,  
In time of orphan kingdom's gloom ;  
Sepulchral strain and fitful light,  
The march of monarch to the tomb ;  
Now the drum in muffled woe,  
Now the trumpet wildlie wailing,  
Here the mourning murmured low,  
Anguish there o'er awe prevailing.



“ Let us mourn, let us mourn for the land of our sires,”  
Was the song of the shadowie band,  
“ Since the music is hushed and the language expires  
Which were echoed of old through our land.  
When wandering man in ages hoar  
First trod on Europe’s vacant shore,  
Then from his lips admiring rung  
The accents of our primal tongue,  
Startling the silent solitude :  
And ere the walls of Rome arose,  
Or Tiber saw Pelasgic foes,  
Our tongue, our music, in the feast  
Of Cimbric wanderers from the east,  
Thrilled through the ancient multitude.  
Oh, for the tongue and sounds of old  
Familiar to our hills and vales !  
Oh, for the tales our fathers told,  
The legend and the song of Wales !  
Take up the song of shame and woe,  
Take up the strain of lamentation :  
Not that our warlike pride is low,  
Not that we are not now a nation ;

Though our blood once was warm, and our warriors  
were bold,

We lament not the feuds which have perished,  
But we mourn that the strain and the language of old  
Should no longer in Cambria be cherished.

She fell into a sister's arms,

Her stream absorbed in England's ocean ;  
So let them rest with mingling charms,

Their peace disturbed by no rude motion.  
But ye, whose sires were bold in danger,

Whose ancient bards harmonious sung,  
Sons of the Cymry, why should stranger  
Teach noble lips a barbarous tongue?—

We hover round our ancient places,

The scenes in which of old we moved ;  
We yearn to look upon the faces,

Children of those whom once we loved.

But ah ! we hear another sound,  
Men called by rude and sigmatising name ;

Like water spilt upon the ground,

We seek in vain the accents dear to fame.

WHERE is Goronwye, Fancie's child?

Where is the high Caràdoc now?

Where is Ancirin's valour wild?

Or where is Bronwen, snowie brow<sup>11</sup>?

Where is he who crossed the ocean?

Where the valour-girdled king?

Would not harps in high emotion

Gladlie to their echoes ring?

And where are all the names of old,

From everie river, vale, and hill,

From feature fair, or battle bold,

Or gentle smile, or loftie will?—

Have they not died away?

Have they not given place

Unto a rudeness of to-day,

Caught from an alien race?

Who would tread down the ashes of our sires,

And roll oblivion's waters o'er their fame?

Who taught your hands to quench the ancient fires,

And dulled your ears to sound of Cimbric name?

With Mordred and with Vortigern for ever  
Be counted traitors, who would sever

The Past and Present's mystic chain ;  
Who mock the patriot, if he cling  
To ancient shrine, or name, or string,  
And count his generous faith in vain.

Never, oh, never on their grave

The lillie or the violet be born ;  
Nor lucid from the Orient wave

Glitter the dewie jewels of the morn !

Nor ever bard, in rapture kneeling,

Dare to invoke the powers of song,

With inspiration o'er him stealing,

To hymn the loveless traitor throng !

Where lies their dull unhonoured head,

There, lovelie Spring, forbear to tread,

Nor ever may the nightingale

Choose her melodious dwelling there ;

But let the dim and ghostlike owl

Prolong her melancholie howl,

And filth profane and horror pale

Be dark companions of Despair !

Child of old dreams, arise !

Though in degenerate time,  
Yet to the mountains and the skies  
Proclaim in kindling strain the crime  
Of those who blind in heartless pride  
The robe of ancient honour cast aside."

I woke, and saw the dawn of day,  
And heard no more that awful strain ;  
The wailing all had passed away,  
But ah ! its horror will remain.  
Yet as I saw the giant sun  
Stride o'er Llewelyn's Carnedd hoarie,  
" How fayre the light awakes," I cried,  
" When men might dream that it had died !  
Who dares to say the days are done  
Of Cambria's everlasting glorie ?"

## ST. ASAPH AND BANGOR.

“ O Lyeida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri  
 (Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli  
 Diceret: hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni.  
 Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia versat,  
*Hos illi (quod nec bene vertat) mittimus agnos.*”

I GAZED upon the living stars on high,<sup>45</sup>

The lamps, which in the Son of Man's right hand  
 Burnt with a lustre brighter than the sky,

And shed their quickening light o'er sea and land.

Beneath their blessed influence half the earth

Revived her vernal powers, and smiled again,  
 As erst in Eden, ere the woeful birth

Of sin and sorrow sprung from knowledge vain.

Even in the crowded city's twilight pale,

Meek hearts were gladdened by their constant beam;  
 And many a rugged hill and lonelie vale

Blossomed with virtues bright as poet's dream.

But as I looked, behold a star that fell,  
A lamp in darkness quenched by sudden guile ;  
Even one which cheered the land of hill and dell,  
The ancient home of freedom in our isle.

The crosier from the pastoral hand was torn,  
The shepherd from the wandering sheep was driven ;  
And they, poor flock, forsaken and forlorn,  
Drank at their wayward will of cisterns riven.

How could my eyes restrain indignant tears ?  
How could I not in angrie voice exclaim—  
“ What foeman hath prevailed, what dark compeers  
Have quenched that glorious light in gloomie shame ? ”

Then rose a thrilling echo from the dead,  
Accumulated plaint of saints of old ;  
“ Ah ! not by open foes in armie dread  
Hath rapine entered into Christ's pure fold.

Even like our Master, by his own false friend,  
By his apostate follower, betrayed ;  
So have our ancient seers been brought to end  
By those who plighted faith to yield us aid.

Our plunderers are our brethren, and their chief—

Call him not Judas, with reproachful line,  
But ask his better heart, what shame, what grief  
Should haunt the spoiler of our mountain shrine !

Is it then nothing to the passing throng,

That we must mourn our place made desolate ?  
Turn and behold and see, was ever wrong  
So wrought by friend, and not by foeman's hate ?

#### A COMPARISON OF THE MASSACRE AT BANGOR IN MAELOR.

BEHOLD the Host of God !<sup>46</sup> unarmed they stand,  
In white-robed panoplie, with passionate prayer  
Asking for Christ's pure shrine the heavenly care :  
And yet more earnestlie, with numerous hand  
Clasped and upheld, they gaze upon the sky,  
When ruthless Ethelfrid, with bloodie brand  
Recking from ill-starred Britain's vanquished band,  
Purpled their sacred hairs, and mocked the cry  
Of Priests unarmed. But soon he rued his doom.  
Soft is the Martyrs' sleep ; their glories shine,



Who fell by Pagan hands, and on whose tomb  
The saints of Britain wept ! They did not pine  
Like us, degenerate, in our day of gloom,  
When Christian England robs our mountain shrine.

What curse is on us ? What unhallowed deed  
Has stained our soil, that now we must behold  
Our ancient sees abolished, and their gold  
Torn from our mountain povertie to feed  
Some citie swollen high with wealth untold ?  
Saith not a voice from heaven !—Avaunt, nor dare  
To break the slumber of those martyrs fayre  
And British saints, nor violate the fold  
Of that primeval flock, the mountain home  
Of God's unspotted ark—Oh, deign to spare  
What spurned the yoke of overweening Rome,  
Nor all the bloodie Teutons' swords could tear  
Out of our land. Now violators come,  
And well we have deserved, because we bear.

Compatriots, are we made of different clay,  
And not alike imbibed the quickening flame ?  
Or how can men, impenetrate by shame,  
Look coldlie on, consigning to decay

The godlike tongue of Britain, and the lay  
Of sacred bards? or how can we betray  
Our primal church, its fair and goodlie frame  
Marred by the spoiler's hand? I scarce restrain  
Indignant tears, and on my temples high  
Mantles the blushing blood, and in disdain  
I gasp for verie breath, with such deep sigh  
My heart unbidden heaves, until I fain  
Would seize my father's sword, and haste and die.

YES, they have wrested from our soil  
Trophies which lived through many a broil;  
And we must yield our mitre hoarie  
To English Torie.

They scorned the humble tale we told,  
And robbed the shrine beloved of old  
By British saints, and fixed a brand  
Upon our land!

Are we all cold and dead to shame,  
And shall we say in accents tame,  
“Go on, our altars to dissever?”  
That will we never!

We had forgotten ancient wrong,  
 Or made it theme for careless song :  
 Now they revive the smouldering fire—  
     We'll fan it higher !

We will not bow in slaverie low,  
 Nor hug the chain and court the blow,  
 Unless our Father's spirit fails  
     Throughout wild Wales !

## EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO AN ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONER.

A LUSTIE thief was Robin Hood,  
 But yet, they say, had something good  
     Even in his mode of thieving ;  
 For when he robbed the rich man's store,  
 He gave a trifle to the poor,  
     Distress in turn relieving.

But you, my Lord, in fashion strange,  
 With neither rhyme nor reason change  
     The ancient mode of plunder :  
 Your pious hands from poor men take,  
 Richer the rich and proud to make,—  
     Which seems a trifling blunder.

## THE VISION.

A GIANT spirit gazing on our land  
By shadowie moonlight, on the haunted strand,  
Called to the mourning hills, and uttered loud  
In voice that broke like thunder from a cloud—  
“ Behold a land of slaves, to honor dead,  
Whose blood is bastardized, whose glorie fled.”—  
To whom I answered, “ Mightie spirit, say,  
How are they bastards? surely these are they,  
Whose sires unconquered mocked the might of Rome,  
And made their countrie Faith and Freedom’s home.”  
Then seemed that awful form to melt in tears,  
And sink beneath the agonie of years ;  
“ Such were they once,” he said, “ and therefore now  
More bitter shame should mantle o’er their brow,  
Since they betray their countrie ; since they bear,  
That reckless England from their shrines should tear  
The pure inheritance of saints of old,  
And snatch the Christian pastor from his fold.”  
Now if your line of mitred seers must end,  
Your guiding lamp be quenched by hollow friend ;  
Your old ancestral shrine be trampled down,  
Will not a gem have perished from your crown ?

O sons of Cambria ! gallant once, and true,  
Keep for your sons what kept your sires for you :  
Now must you either don the robe of shame,  
Losing your old inheritance of fame ;  
Or else be roused, and firm in union stand,  
Scaring the Saxon vulture from our land.

UPON OUR DISUNION FROM DISSENT, POLI-  
TICS, &c.

A town besieged, with garrison divided ;  
Shepherds who wrangle o'er their slaughtered flock ;  
A stranded bark, whose crew upon a rock  
Will die by strife, though ocean's wrath subsided ;  
These are but emblems of our state misguided,  
And all our pettie strife, by which we mock  
Our countrie's hopes, and by intestine shock  
Betray the solemn dutie God confided.  
Who shall awake us from this troubled dream ?  
O genius, genius ! passionate of heart,  
And mightie to persuade, arise, I pray,  
From south or north, and pour the sacred stream  
Of patriot love through Cambria's every part ;  
So on our hills may shine a brighter day.

## A CALL TO UNION IN THE STRUGGLE.

WELSHMEN, if the tales be true  
Which our fathers down have handed,  
Nought has ever made us rue,  
While we stood in union banded.

Now then, hear our countrie's call  
In the hour of shame and danger;  
Stand united, one and all,  
Trusting not the heartless stranger.

Though we fight not in the field,  
Like the lords of ancient storie;  
There are weapons we can wield  
To preserve our countrie's glorie.

Eloquence that sounds afar,  
Song, the abject bribe disdaining,  
Union in the Senate's war,—  
These are weapons still remaining.

## THE CURSE OF MEROZ.

“ A deep tragedy is opening. The first scene lies in the silent and solitary mountains of Wales; the last will be in the crowded and agitated streets of London.”—*R. W. Evans.*

“ CURSE ye the miscreants bitterlie,  
“ Who came not to avenge the Lord,”  
Sang Israel’s host triumphantlie,  
When they had broken Moab’s sword.

Now that our altars woefullic  
Are shivered by the spoiler’s hand,  
Who will arise, and manfullie  
Defend the glorie of our land?

If like old Laish wretchedlie  
Was plundered, distant from its friends,  
So England leave us carelesslie,  
While half our church in ruin bends,

Will not the curse wake bitterlie?  
Will not our Lord and Master care?  
Will not the ruin certainlie  
Extend to England’s Church her share?

## WE WON'T DESPAIR.

OH no, we won't despair—who said despair ?

Though our hope has been chilled once more ;  
Lift up again the prayer, lift up the prayer,  
For our church and her shrines as of yore.

Their's is plebeian Peel, too cold to feel  
For the faith of a thousand years ;  
Their's is the iron lord, with laurelled sword,  
Thinking nought of the weak one's tears.

Our's is a holier might, the power of right,  
And the courage which falls but to rise ;  
Our's is all gentle blood, the brave and good ;  
And the faith which sees deep in the skies.

Hold on our purpose still, with steadfast will,  
As the helpless one wept of old ;  
The unjust judge gave way—some better day  
We may soften the proud and the cold.

Onlie hold fast for ever : like some great river  
Let our yearlie murmur swell on ;  
Though death may quench our fire ; what asks the sire  
May be written in heaven for the son.



EDUCATION IN WALES.

I SAW a garden with a thousand rills,  
Which thro' the flowering shrubs, down sloping hills,  
    Flowed pleasantlie and merrilie ;  
And as they went they murmured, not in tone  
Inspired by breath of art, but nature's own,  
    With free and living harmonie.

But there were rocks which broke their eager course,  
And heaving undulations which of force  
    Made slow their passage to the sea ;  
There came a crowd<sup>17</sup> of dark and deep-browed men,  
To smoothe the hill, make straight the winding glen,  
    That they might flow more easilie.

Fain would they change the course the waters went,  
Leave not a rippling stone, nor winding bent,  
    Nor let them speak their natural voice :  
They loved not nature's music, and they strove  
That not a rill from formal line should rove,  
    Nor, rippled by the wind, rejoice.

Oh, wise compatriots ! much I praise your zeal ;  
But pray you, as of old, the wave may steal

Its own most fair and gentle way :  
And may I see each Naiad from her urn  
Feed still the violet, when by the burn  
My wearie footsteps lingering stray.

Help them, I grant, their onward way along,  
But let them murmur still their inland song,

Force not as yet the sea's hoarse tone :  
*So when they join the ocean where they tend,  
By kindlie Nature's teaching they will blend,  
And learn its accent from their own.*

Come from the harp and learn a parable :  
He who would teach its chords a loftier swell,  
Apes not the organ's harmonic ;  
But let him bring more art, or add fresh strings,  
Till, taught and handled well, its music rings  
High 'mid the choral minstrelsie.

Teach you a hound with art his prey to trace,  
Or steed, to mock the tempest in the race?

Let nature's instinct be your guide :  
Would you a child should speak some foreign tongue?  
First let him know the language which has rung  
Familiar by his own fire-side.

Touch through the ear the heart ; then not in vain  
Invite your nurslings to some loftier strain ;

Then let them learn untrodden ways :  
But force their ears to lore half-learnt, half-known,  
Nor heart nor reason reached by alien tone,  
What can you hope save stranger's praise?

Oh, wise compatriots ! deem not that to-day  
The effort first was made, by rugged way  
To make us climb high wisdom's hill :  
Ask of the bygone years, and they will tell,  
How art has strayed from nature, and how well  
The mightie mother triumphed still.

Children have conned with pain your English lore,  
In dull toil sick of heart ; and as of yore

Have cherished still their fathers' tone.

How could such knowledge profit ? how could ever

Their hearts, untouched, be grateful to the giver

Of knowledge with its key unknown.

*I pray you, deign to follow Nature's guiding ;*

*Teach men their own tongue first ; not there abiding,*

*But stretching thence your hands for more :*

Who drinks the well of knowledge, thirsts again ;

Who understands a little, not in vain

Will come to learn your newer lore.

And oh, by all most dear in earth and heaven,

Not godless, not unblest, I pray, be given

The teaching of our ancient fold :

Tread not with discord's foot on holiest ground,

But guide with heaven-taught hand and hallowed  
sound

The men whose faith was pure of old.

ST. DAVID'S DAY IN AMERICA.

'Tis the day of St. David, the day of our glorie,  
When we think of our land, and our ancestors' storie :  
Cast away everie burden of care and of sorrow,  
Let to-day's sun be bright, though the cloud come  
to-morrow.

Though we're far from the land where our fathers  
drew breath,  
We behold not her valleys, we tread not her heath ;  
There's a place in our hearts where we cherish her  
name,  
There's a day in our year when we drink to her  
fame.

When deep called to deep, and when horde after  
horde  
Scattered ruin o'er Europe with flame and with sword,  
Our fathers stood firm, and in dark danger tried  
From their hearths and their altars bore back the  
wild tide.

So their gentle blood kept the fair culture of old,  
And the rude savage quenched not the light of their  
fold ;

But their sons in that green land of vale and of hill  
Gentle virtue maintain, their inheritance still.

And when Destinie willed the strange waters should  
blend,

And our feuds like the tempest in sunshine should end,  
Still we trod with the foremost the great race of glorie,  
And have hallowed with virtue our fatherland's storie.

Once more then, once more, since we know not on  
earth

If we ever again shall unite in our mirth,  
Once more here's a toast to the glorie of Wales,  
To her sons and her daughters, her hills and her  
vales.

Once more here's a toast to the mightie of old,  
To the fair and the gentle, the wise and the bold ;  
Here's a health to whoever by land or by sea  
Has been true to the home of the brave and the free.

As for us, when we go where our sires went before,  
May our countrie remember our names evermore;  
May our children be proud of the blood they inherit,  
And adorn their descent by their deeds and their merit.

## CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

TO A FRIEND.

“ —Nisi quod pede certo  
Differt sermoni, sermo merus.”—HOR.

Now that you've gained all sorts and sizes  
Of essays, odes, and college prizes,  
You doubt what next you should pursue,  
And ask me how the case I view.—  
Some friends, in common whom we own,  
Would have you let all choice alone,  
And trust to destinie or chance  
The guidance of your steps' advance;  
For by events, they sagelie say,  
Mankind must humblie pick their way.  
But ne'ertheless, I apprehend,  
We should consult our nature's bend.  
The duckling from the frightened hen  
By instinct seeks the waterie fen,

And in the meadow, bending low,  
The bull-calf butts with unarmed brow.  
I doubt if Wellington in rhyme  
Had shone, the genius of his time,  
Or Coleridge on the tented field  
Had learnt the nation's fate to wield.  
Therefore I venture to advise  
That on yourself you turn your eyes,  
And choose (though not by whim inclined)  
The place best suited to your mind.  
So, if you smile and move with ease,  
And studie all the arts to please ;  
If undisturbed by strong conviction,  
You never sin by contradiction,  
But free from inconvenient pride,  
Can take the fashionable side ;  
Go on—the heiress or the lord  
To you their patronage afford ;  
Or you may flourish, prim and sleek,  
In mutual-flatterie-loving clique,  
With ruffled shirt and brow serene,  
Rising in time to be a dean.  
If this your taste, go take your fill,  
But not my counsel or good will.



But if with mind of manlier mould,  
Cool, and deliberatelie bold,  
You fain would venture on the war  
That shakes the senate or the bar :  
If with ambition's keen desire  
There mingle philanthropic fire :  
If you can read eight hours a-day,  
Forswearing women, wine, and play ;  
Dine on a shilling, yet, at need,  
Appear a gentleman indeed :  
If hope deferred you can endure,  
In self-sufficing genius sure ;  
And, in the race if after all  
By sickness or by chance you fall,  
If, in true manliness resigned,  
You still can keep your steadfast mind ;  
Go with good omens on, my friend,  
All health and hope your steps attend.

And yet, assayed by soundest test,  
They will perhaps have chosen best,  
Who venture from the world to turn,  
And feel their hearts within them burn,

Aspiring in devotion pure  
The Christian's conflict to endure,  
To nerve the soul with might divine,  
And now to guard the hallowed shrine,  
And now console the drearie hour,  
When wealth and fame have lost their power.  
And they whose dailie words inspire  
The boyish heart with generous fire,  
Training aright the youthful mind  
To serve their countrie and mankind.  
Nor yet disdain the scholar pale,  
Although in worldlie strife he fail,  
Who follows wisdom on her way  
Through sleepless night and anxious day ;  
Who forces from the womb of night  
Great nature's mysteries to light,  
And brings, to swell his countrie's store,  
The pearls he culled on ancient shore :  
Be sure that he too boasts his joy,  
Secret, but free from base alloy.  
So, as your wisdom most inclines,  
Go with the lawyers or divines :  
Or if you fain would be discerning  
In physic, or in other learning,

No path's so bad but boasts enjoyance,  
And none so good but has annoyance.  
But if the first, or if the last,  
When once you've chosen, hold it fast :  
Better walk straight the roughest way,  
Than into diverse paths to stray.

## ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ.

## FOR WATERLOO.

GREAT Britain's children we, on Belgic plain,  
With Arthur stemmed the iron-crested wave ;  
Far from our island homes, the Gallic chain  
Rending from Europe's neck, we found our grave.

## THE MARQUESS OF WELLESLEY'S TOMB.

WELLESLEY's meridian let the tyrant's doom,  
And fame, which thro' the orient thrilled, attest :  
Thou, Eton, boast his cradle and his tomb ;  
Here prayed his boyhood, here his ashes rest.

## TO AN INFANT.

DRINK, from the breast thou ne'er shalt drink again,  
 Thy mother's milk, unconscious orphan, drain :  
 E'en now her spirit from her frame has sped ;  
 But yet her love supplies thee from the dead.

[Both the above stanza and the next (of Archilochus) are translations from the Greek Anthology ; the four following from the Welsh.]

## DEJECTION.

O MIND, dark mind ! confused by helpless woe,  
 Rise and upbear thy breast against the blow,  
 Firm 'midst the meteor lances of the foe :  
 Nor boast of victorie abroad ; nor, failing,  
 Lie idlie prostrate in the hall of wailing ;  
 But in thy joy rejoice, in sorrow moan  
 With measure—and the world's great order own.

## ON BOULCH-Y-GROES.

REMEMBER, travelling on this rugged hill,  
 To own Jehovah's fostering care ;  
 Let his dread Name thy mouth with reverence fill ;  
 He brought thee on thy way so far.

## NIGHT.

GRAND silence wrapt the realm of night and sleep,  
And black the hills with darkness like the tomb ;  
The sun lay lulled to slumber in the deep,  
The moon shed silver on the ocean's womb.

## MISFORTUNE.

BEHOLD that ruling star, how fayre, how bright,  
How all men bend their eyes on it alone :  
Let but some envious cloud obscure its light,  
We leave it all unnoticed, all unknown.

## LATE MARRIAGE.

As I strayed thro' the garden, I sought me a flower,  
And the rose I rejected, the lillie I past ;  
Then, returning disheartened in evening's dim hour,  
I seized, and I brought home a nettle at last.

## AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies J. H., and lest there should be anye  
Chance of his rising, pray don't waste a pennie.

## THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

(PROPERTIUS, BOOK IV. ELEG. VI.)

HEAR, Heaven, the poet's prayer ! be silent, Earth,  
 While falls the stricken victim on my hearth ;  
 Let Rome's young bard with Grecian wreath be  
     crowned,  
 Old streams of song, here lend<sup>43</sup> poetic sound :  
 Haste with the spikenard ; fragrant incense rise,  
 And weave the mystic rite that woos the skies ;  
 Sprinkle my brow, and round the sacred fire  
 Let Phrygia's ivorie pipe wild thoughts inspire :  
 Away to other realms, dark fraud and sin,  
 Pure be the garland which I now shall win :  
 Pour on a loftie theme, O muse divine,  
 Strains to be worthie of Apollo's shrine :  
 Cæsar the subject, Cæsar's praise I sing,  
 And Jove's great name awhile must yield the string.

Where on the fabled shore the harbour blest  
 Lulls in its depth th' Ionian wave to rest,  
 Where Actium's trophie looks upon the deep,  
 And glides the bark secure o'er waves that sleep ;

The world's great navies met in stern debate,  
Navies embattled with unequal fate :  
There Rome's degenerate minion took his stand,  
With arms misguided by a woman's hand ;  
Here Jove expanded Cæsar's everie sail,  
And patriot standards waved, untaught to fail.  
Now was each host in crescent form arrayed,  
Their arms all radiant on the waters played ;  
When Phœbus came to judge, and bade meanwhile  
No wind or wave disturb his floating isle ;  
O'er Cæsar's bark he hovered, heavenlie flame  
In triple radiance curling as he came ;  
Nor then his ringlets looselie waving fell,  
Nor thrilled the melting music from his shell,  
Such as the Grecian king beheld him dread,  
When on the greedie grave he strewed their dead ;  
Such as he gazed, when prostrate on the plain  
The Python's folds relaxed their sealie train ;  
So stern he spake—" O champion undefiled,  
Alba's descendant, Hector's mightier child !  
The sea remains to conquer, earth is thine,  
And thine my arrows and my aid divine ;  
Thy countrie save, her liberator thou,  
Her prayers for freedom hover round thy prow ;

For if thou fail, her founder saw in vain  
Jove's sacred birds announce eternal reign ;  
The foemen boast their fleet, forbid the tale,  
That Roman waves endure a tyrant's sail.  
What though his hundred vessels plough the main,  
Be bold—the ocean bears him with disdain :  
What though their frowning centaurs terror spread,  
Reck not their hollow blocks and painted dread.  
On Justice Valour waits, with Justice ends,  
He spurns his arms who blushes for his friends :  
Lead on thy fleet, since now the destined hour,  
My laurelled hand shall guide thee in its power.”

He spoke, and prodigal his arrows sped,  
While Cæsar's spear close followed where he led.  
Wail, haughtie queen, the God avenging Rome,  
And cast thy broken sceptre on the foam ;  
But thou, great Julius, from thy godlike shrine  
Behold the tokens of thy race divine.  
Hark ! where the victor's vessels glide along,  
The genii of the deep break out in song ;  
The Nile beholds its vanquished mistress fly,  
Her onlie refuge now the power to die :



So willed the gods, lest woman led in thrall,  
 Should dim the memorie of Jugurtha's fall :—  
 Thus, by his shaft the foeman's fleet undone,  
 The victor God his Actian trophie won.

Enough of strife ! Apollo's foes are slain,  
 Unarmed his hand, relaxed his brow's disdain,  
 His choral triumph now demands the strain.  
 Now let the banquet all of pleasure breathe,  
 Now vernal roses delicatelie wreathe ;  
 Stint not the offspring of Falernian vine,  
 With golden<sup>49</sup> saffron let my temples shine ;

. . . . .  
 So with the goblet, so our mirth prolong,  
 Till garish day arise, with wine and song.

### YOUTH AND DEATH.

“ At the sight of this last conflict I felt a sensation never known to me before ; a confusion of passions, an awful stillness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name.”—*Johnson*.

How can my heart believe his soul has fled,  
 Ne'er to return among us,—ne'er to move  
 In all our social haunts ; where manye a year  
 We knew and loved him ; where his form had grown

Kindred and natural, at the common board,  
At meals, in sports, in dailie-trodden paths,  
At morning, and at evening, and at noon,  
On well-known spots familiar ; and in prayer  
Of social worship kneeling by our side ;  
Till all his smiles and accents, all his words  
And ever-varying gestures, on our hearts  
Were deep engraven, intertwined with joy  
And grief of years in dim remembrances ?—

But he is gone ! to what dim place ? Oh, grave,  
And land of shadows, have ye closed for ever  
O'er his young head ? Can gloom of nothingness  
And earth's dark chambers hold him ? Say it not ;  
Believe not, O fond heart, the heavenlie spirit  
Can die in death : believe not that the grave  
Can dim its brightness ; though I saw him lying  
All cold and lifeless as the earth we tread,  
Arrayed in all the dismal pomp and paleness  
Of death's mysterious vests, whose everie fold  
And wrinkle seems a dwelling-place for horror.

A few short hours before, I heard him speaking,  
I saw his living glance and moving gesture ;

Though weak and faint, yet while he lived, we hoped.  
Now his grey eyes were closed, the ruddie blood  
Had perished from his lips, and oh, how changed !  
The manye-voicèd fountain of his speech  
Was closed and silent, like a well in summer.  
Well might I stand and gaze, until the tears  
Burst irrepressible, like liquid fire,  
Forcing their way, impetuous with grief.  
Dark, dark forebodings, evil-omened thoughts  
O'erwhelmed me like a storm ; and all my soul  
Sank down bewildered, wondering whether death  
Could never by some spell, or prayers, or tears,  
Be changed to life ; and whether there was hope,  
Sure stedfast hope, not forged by anye fraud,  
That man shall certainlie have life in heaven.  
What if our bodies were but mere machines,  
Fashioned to move on earth, but, broken once,  
Not to revive ? Then never should I know  
My friend beloved in vain, nor see him move,  
Nor hear him speak—but he was gone for ever,  
Lost, lost in darkness and in mysterie !  
Forbid it, heaven ! and Thou, great God, whose word  
Called us from nothing into life and feeling ;

Let not thy work, once loved, be wrought in vain,  
But pitie us, and save us from the grave,  
From dark annihilation and despair.  
Lord, I believe,—forgive my unbelief.

Such were my miserable thoughts and prayers,  
Until at last I forced me to depart ;  
Then turned to weep again, and said farewell,  
The last farewell : it seemed impossible  
To say the bitter word ; and yet I said it,  
And went reluctant, lingering on my way,  
And my sad heart rebuked my eyes' delight.  
The flowers, the fields, the river as it flowed,  
The trees, whose shade was green in pomp of summer,  
Shewed like some wicked mockerie of grief,  
Living, it seemed, and flourishing for ever,  
While helpless man was gathered to the tomb.

So all that night in one bewildered dream  
Of mourning stupor passed : though outwardlie  
All nature bloomed the same, there was a blank  
And vacant gap within our world of friends,  
A fair ship wrecked amid our companie.

So passed a day :—Then faltering again  
I sought his chamber, and I saw his features  
Moulded by Death's cold handling to a form  
More rigid and more fixed, and void of meaning,  
As if he ne'er had lived, and smiled, and spoken.  
Once more (it was the morning when the grave  
Was to receive its own), once more I entered,  
Meaning a last farewell, and *there*, O death  
And twin corruption, with your loathsome power—  
Your pestilence had touched his comeliness,  
And now there was a form, which none could look on,  
But shuddered while they looked.

Yet comforted,

With step more buoyant, conscious as of triumph,  
I left the chamber; for I knew in spirit  
He could not dwell within that mass corrupted,  
Those shackles could not hold him. He had passed  
I know not whither, but believe I will,  
His soul had passed away to happier places,  
Regions where death and sorrow are not known.

Loftie thy gate, and statelie is thy entrance  
Which opens from the west, thou wondrous temple,

Triumph of hallowed art, from royal saint  
Fit offering to heaven; the evening sun  
Loves with his rays to linger on its beautye,  
Yet seldom with remembrance free from gloom  
My steps may pass that portal, which in time  
Of funeral mourning chieflie I have entered.  
Once I had seen it open for the aged,  
Stricken in years, and full of well-earned honour;  
Men mourned, but could not wonder, if the corn  
Was gathered to its garner, ripe for harvest.  
But now 'twas for the young, my own compeer,  
Who in the race of life, (how far too earlie),  
Even by my side sank down; the portals opened,  
The pomp obsequial entered, and the strains  
Arose high swelling with their melodie,  
Soothing, yet full of melancholie awe,  
“I am the Resurrection and the Life,  
They who believe in me, shall live for ever,  
Even after death.” We heard, and durst not doubt  
The heavenlie promise, even while we trembled.

Now then farewell—not lost, but gone before,  
Farewell awhile, my friend, and since on earth

Fondlie thou gavest praise, and didst foretell,  
Hereafter I might win the poet's laurel,  
So let me hang upon thy earlie tomb  
A garland rude, yet twined by friendlie hand,  
Earnest of loftier fame thou might'st have won,  
When youth's vain follies and the weeds of passion  
Had perished, and thy mind put forth its power.  
Since now this may not be, and since thy merits,  
Known but to few, and where most known, most loved,  
Have perished in their blossom, let my song  
Say that I loved thee well ; and when the hour  
Shall reach us with our proper destinie,  
Then may we die with hope, in happier realm  
To hail our friends, where mourners' tears are dried,  
And love and joy unmingled live for ever ;—  
Now then farewell, my friend, once more farewell !

## MODERN ASSASSINATION.

## AN IDYLL.

OUR fathers sink and slumber in the grave ;  
We stand and see them fall, and cannot save ;

And when we grow to manhood, all around  
Our fond eyes mourn the desolated ground,  
Missing the grave, the reverend, and the wise,  
Who stroked our infant hairs, and turned our eyes  
On things of honour and of sanctitie.

When those who went before in life's array  
Have fallen in their rank, we hold our way  
Among the Promachi, who look on death  
And all the foes of our humanitie,  
Frail and obnoxious to their fierie breath ;  
Since those on whom their furie wont to rave,  
Our fathers, sink and slumber in the grave.

Therefore we gird ourselves with younger friends,  
And train the sapling where the oak tree bends,  
Speaking to others what to them was spoken,  
Weaving anew ties destined to be broken ;  
Leaning our reed-like hearts on favourite forms,  
With love as strong as death, and dear communion  
With kindred spirits ; or we breast the storm  
Of popular strife, to build our names a home  
Which may defy all time, like marble Sunion  
Frowns everlasting on the idle foam.



And we have need of strength to stem the wave,  
Whose fathers sink and slumber in the grave.

But if their forms have mouldered in their tomb,  
Does not their fair inheritance remain ?  
Their virtue and their faith on life's drear gloom  
Flash cheering radiance, and th' enduring strain  
Of echoes from the storied hall of fame  
Thrill on our hearts, that when they fall, in turn  
We may arise and quit ourselves, to claim  
An equal meed, if in our time we burn  
Unquenchable pure incense on the fires  
Caught from the glowing ashes of our sires ?  
Alas ! where are they ? O pure-hearted faith,  
And openness of soul, and love of home,  
And manliness, and fairness to our foe,  
Where are your relics ? Like the shadowie wraith,  
That flitted as we saw it, like the foam  
That melts into the water, or the glow  
Of sunset clouded by the tempest's wing,  
Alreadie they depart ; and, while I sing,  
They severallie sink in Time's vast wave,  
And, like our fathers, slumber in the grave.

Is this that ancient Britain, where in haste  
The verie abjects lifted from the ground  
Their fallen foe? and on the blood-stained waste  
Of civil war, fair flowers would still abound,  
Friendship surviving in the stern debate,  
And courtesie triumphant over hate,  
And helping of the helpless, though abhorred,  
And hospitalitie that opened wide  
Its portals to the vanquished, and in pride  
Frowned on the golden bribe and conquering sword.  
O godlike virtues, O ancestral glorie!  
Dear trophies of the field of Britain's storie,  
Leave us not yet,—compel me not to groan,  
That in the land of Arthur and Glendore,  
The maiden Tudor's rainbow-einctured throne,  
Your names are but a dream, yourselves no more:  
Surelie you yet remain, our land to save,  
Even though our fathers slumber in the grave.

But that was in our countrie's summer prime,  
When men<sup>so</sup> still deigned to reverence earlier time;  
When Shakespeare wrought the tale of Cymbeline,  
When gentle Fletcher clothed in virtue's charms

Our sires impenetrate by dire alarms,  
And Milton honoured in his song divine  
“ The old and haughtie nation, proud in arms.”  
We, who, disowning those from whom we spring,  
Hymn the barbaric stranger, and no more  
Shed patriot rapture from the sounding string,  
Waking dim echoes of Britannic lore,—  
We too have lost the virtues of our race,  
Some spurious element of Saxon birth  
Imbuing with its venom everie trace  
Of ancient kindliness, and homelie mirth,  
And manliness, and fairness to our foe ;  
When with their squallid features bent on gain,  
Men deal with reckless hand the treacherous blow,  
Trusting to passion law’s prerogative,  
And smiting in the darkness, till in vain  
Authoritie extends her golden chain,  
And innocence unarmed scarce hopes to live :  
Oh, all degenerate from the wise and brave,  
Our fathers, idlie slumbering in the grave.

Societie has snapped its mystic chord ;  
Not for our poor, our neighbour, and our friend,

But for ourselves and wealth—O pest abhorred !  
We severallie strive with selfish end ;  
And that ingrained malignitie, whose smile  
Has venom in its dimple, from its den  
Points the dark gibe, rejoicing to defile  
All sanctitie, and all that severed men  
From devil and from brute : and now its brain  
Invents the slander, now it multiplies  
Each trifling error ; so for lust of gain  
Panders to evil passion with its lies.  
And thou, crowned Ladye—whom our willing dread  
And love so mingled gird, we cannot tell  
Should we thy subjects or thy guardians seem,  
But each, by varying age or humour led,  
Finds reason in his heart to love thee well :  
The poor man's sceptered friend, the poet's theme,  
Gray wisdom's cherished daughter, youth's bright star,  
And woman's fair example ; whom afar  
Guilt should have revered as it turned aside—  
Against thy sacred form rose lawless hand,  
Whose weapon impotentlie wandered wide,  
Turned by good angels pitying our land,  
And by thine innocence which rose between,  
Proof armed in prayers like triple mail unseen ;

And as the ark-borne patriarch's sons, with eyes  
Downcast and backward, veiled their father's shame,  
So, weaving to ourselves a vain disguise,  
We called our countrie's crime by frenzye's name.  
Meanwhile the stranger's mock and foeman's scorn  
Rose bitterlie, proclaiming we were shorn  
Of all we claimed peculiar : like in vain  
The tree boasts fruit it ne'er shall bear again,  
So the degenerate mistress of the wave  
Boasts of her fathers slumbering in the grave.

Who shall breathe life into the slaughtered form ?  
None but the heavenlie Spirit, who could form  
And can revive, and with his quickening breath  
Wake our forefathers' virtues from their death.  
Yet come, Aonian Power, and on the tomb  
Of our great ancestors, within the gloom,  
Upon the dizzie verge between the past  
And present, let us stand, and like the last  
Of shipwrecked mariners upon a rock  
Calls to his comrades whelmed in ocean's shock,  
In bitterness of spirit let us cry—  
“ O godlike virtues, O ancestral glorie,

Dear trophies of the field of British storie,  
Return unto your own—you cannot die !  
This is your land—you were of British birth ;  
And we are Britain's children—come along,  
Roused by the accents of ancestral song,  
And crown our countrie still the queen of earth.  
Let then the Saxon stab, and those who praise  
The Saxon spirit. By the better days  
Of ancient Britain, and the flame divine  
Of England sanctified by British line,  
Return once more ; that we may raise again  
Our standard 'mid the nations free from stain,  
Unstained, unshackled as our natal wave,  
Even though our fathers slumber in the grave.”

So rudelie sung the shepherd on the hill,  
With dread that magnified the distant ill :  
Yet fondlie gazing on the western sun,  
Before he sought his cot, his labour done,  
“ Once more, O harp,” he cried, “ once more oh fling  
On heaven's wild winds the echo from thy string,  
That wandering through our island's pleasant places,  
Lingering on manlie forms and modest faces,

They may inbreathe the spirit of the past,  
And wake old virtues ere they sleep their last.  
But if in vain on England's sons thou call,  
Then raise prevailing prayer, that heavenlie wall  
May gird this simple land ; and, like her strand  
Of adamant, between her children stand  
And ill's contagious breath. Let courtesie,  
Her heritage of old, with petic  
Go hand in hand ; nor let them rudelie rend  
The altar's framework, nor in sloth unbend  
Their ancient harhihood ; but like the showers  
Make green their hills, so fed by holiest powers  
Flourish their virtues ; so, though crumble towers,  
And Time's rude waters ancient landmarks lave,  
From shame of sons degenerate let us save  
Our fathers, though they slumber in the grave."

## THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

WHEN sin and death had done their worst,  
And He had borne the cross accurst,  
*He descended into hell ;*

Where light nor joy had ever come,  
But, wailing in their penal home,  
All the guiltie spirits dwell.

All thoughts of ill and shapes of wrath,  
And driving storms beset the path,  
Calm and awful where He trod :  
One moment Satan vengeance drank,  
Then cowed with waning sceptre shrank  
From the presence of his God.

Serene, as erst with ruling sway  
He trod the tempest's waterie way,  
So in hell's dim world He stood :  
Yet on His majestie divine  
Were traced, I ween, full manye a line,  
Lines of pain, and fire, and blood.

The myriad phantoms of the past,  
Our fathers' spirits, first and last,  
Heard and gathered as He spoke :  
What light o'erspread the pallid gloom,  
What joy for freedom from their doom,  
When His word their fetters broke !



Onlie the fiends and fiendlike host,  
In unrepentant darkness lost,  
    Wailed and murmured far apart ;  
Thou, who would'st shun their doom of dread,  
Arise, and 'mid the living dead  
    Bear the cross within thy heart.

## THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

On for the brave and olden time,  
Though time of peril, wrath, and woe,  
When in the war with power and crime,  
Meek, yet in fervent faith sublime,  
    The Martyrs laid them low.

How calm they met the tyrant's rage,  
Put on the withering crown of fire ;  
Calm, when the lion from his cage  
Rent shrinking child and helpless age,  
    They hailed his savage ire.

Who would not die for Him who died  
To save our race from sin and shame?  
Who would not brave the Gentile pride,  
The sword, the flame, the raging tide,  
For Christ our Lord's dear name?

But lapped in soft luxurious life,  
Unproved by want or woe forlorn,  
How shall we wage the martyr's strife;  
Leave home or parent, child or wife,  
And with our Master mourn?

But is the straight gate closed for ever?  
And must our love in sloth sink down?  
Nay, never deem, the flowing river  
Of time, or clime, or space, can sever  
The Martyr from his crown.

Behold it shine in Christ's right hand;  
Behold our warfare round us still;  
With tempting sights by sea and land,  
With all the passions, sleepless band,  
With thoughts and words of ill.

Say, would'st thou rather die than yield  
 To lust, to anger, and to pride?  
 Do ill desires and spirits wield  
 Arms in thy heart's wild battle-field,  
 'Gainst Him who for us died?

If thou canst tame those foes within,  
 And turn unmoved from Pleasure's shrine;  
 If lust and self thy heart ne'er win,  
 If thou would'st sooner die than sin,  
 The Martyr's crown is thine.

## THE SECRET OF RELIGION.

———“*Velis tantummodo  
 Expugnabis; et est qui vinei possit, at idem  
 Difficiles aditus primos habet.*”—HOR.

HUMILITIE at earlie morn

Went forth upon her way alone;  
 No adverse hate, no passing scorn  
 Could cloud her smile or change her tone.  
 Alike in lowliest tasks of earth,  
 And enterprise of loftie birth,  
 Straight on she went, and from her secret soul  
 A spring of deep content for ever seemed to roll.

But Waywardness, who slept away  
The morning and its golden prime,  
In follie wasted half the day,  
And passed from follie into crime ;  
Nor wanted still before her eyes  
The shadow of some better prize :  
A void was in her heart, a yearning still  
To curb the passions wild, that mocked her better will

And as she wantoned in the shade,  
And in uneasie sloth reclined,  
She saw by chance that heavenlie maid,  
And at her happiness she pined :  
“ O stay,” she cried, “ and let me know  
The secret of your bliss below,  
What holie spell is yours, what secret power,  
To link your dutie and your love through everie hour.

“ Oh, deign to teach me what you know,  
And let me learn of you the way ;  
So shall my footsteps dulia go,  
Nor into vice abandoned stray.”  
She spoke, and with a pitying smile  
The maid replied in gentle style,

And taught her all she knew, and murmured all  
The spells which free the heart from vice and follie's  
thrall.

Yet was that spirit restless still,  
Nor found in all religion's lore,  
Or novel charm or secret skill,  
Nor aught but what she knew before.  
No visions from the burning shrine  
Of terror and of power divine,  
Nor mightie conflicts in the shadowie vale,  
With ghostlie forms of horror and amazement pale.

In patience and in lowliness  
To nerve the self-devoted mind,  
In prayer and faith and tenderness  
To scorn all comfort, so to find—  
For first rough Dutie's path we tread,  
And so to happiness are led :  
And all this secret she had learnt before,  
But wanted stedfast heart to practise heavenlie lore.

A HYMN FOR A CONGREGATION.

LORD, behold thy church adore Thee,  
Hear thy ransomed church implore Thee :  
Since thy virgin Mother bore thee  
In this world of sin and sorrow,  
So that men new hope might borrow,  
Hear us, Lord ; to-day, to-morrow,  
For ever save us, Lord, we pray.  
Save throughout the world each nation,  
Save this priest and congregation ;  
Save in trouble and temptation,  
In death, and at the judgment-day.

God the Father, great Creator,  
God the Son, and Mediator,  
God the Spirit, Renovator,  
One God, Three Persons we adore.  
Child and parent, young and hoarie,  
Meet in church to praise thy glorie :  
Hear us, Lord, and let our storie  
Be full of mercie evermore.

WAITING FOR THE SERMON.

LORD, since in Thy courts to-day

We have sought Thy face with dread,  
Send us hungrie not away,

Feed us with thy heavenlie bread.

Pour thy Spirit from on high ;

Fill the preacher's word with power ;  
Let thy quickening grace be nigh,  
Quickening else a barren hour.

Lead us for our Saviour's merit,

Lead us for His tender ruth,  
From the letter to the spirit,

From the shadow to the truth.

Make them, Lord, a strengthening charm,

Everie day and everie hour ;  
Shield us with Thy mightie arm,  
Guide us by Thy holie power.

HYMNI ECCLESIAE.

FERIA VI. P. 20.

THOU onlie Lord<sup>st</sup> Tripersonal,  
Who rulest all the world with power,  
Hear Thou our suppliant matinal,  
Sung at the first awaking hour.

Hear us arising from our sleep,  
Ere yet the busie world has sounded,  
Thy love imploring while we weep,  
To heal whate'er is sick and wounded.

Whate'er we sinned, by dark ill powers  
Deluded, as asleep we lay,  
Pour from above Thy heavenlie showers  
Of grace to wash it all away.

Let not our bodies come unclean,  
Let not our hearts be dead within ;  
Let not our spirits' fervour keen  
Decay, infected by our sin.



For this, redeeming Lord, we pray,  
Renew us with divinest light ;  
Grant that throughout each circling day  
We fall in no dark deeds of night.

Grant this, Thou mightiest, holiest Father,  
Grant this, co-equal, onlie Son,  
And Thou who with the Son and Father  
For ever reignest, Three in One.

## AD VESPERAS. P. 9.

LORD and Creator of the light,  
From Whom the days their course began ;  
With elements of purer light,  
Creator of the world again ;  
Whose word the evening and the morn  
Twined into one, and called them day ;  
The night brings on its gloom forlorn—  
Behold Thy servants weep and pray.

Let not our mind, bowed down by crime,  
Be exiled from Thy gift of life,  
Dwelling on things of earth and time,  
And bound by chains of sin and strife :  
But let it knock at heaven's high gate,  
And bear the crown of life away ;  
So let us shun what Thou dost hate,  
And purge all soil from our array.  
O Merciful, O Father, hear ;  
Hear, O thou one co-equal Son ;  
And Thou, of comfort and of fear,  
Most Holie Spirit, Three in One.

## CHRISTMAS DAY. P. 123.

THE Son, Whom God decreed to send  
Ere the created world began,  
The First and Last, his titles ran,  
The Source of all things, and the End ;  
Of all that was in ages old,  
Of all to come in time untold,  
For ever and for ever.

He whom the Prophets' faithful page,  
Whom all the seers in bardie throng,  
Rapt in high vision or in song,  
Foretold from rolling age to age,  
Behold His promised glorie shine !  
Let all things praise His Name divine,  
For ever and for ever.

How full of blessing was the birth,  
When, pregnant by the Holie Ghost,  
The Virgin bore amid the lost  
Christ the Redeemer of the earth ;  
When Jesus, our incarnate Lord,  
Shone forth, a light to be adored  
For ever and for ever.

Break into song the heavenlie height,  
Break out the cherubim in song ;  
Swell to our God the choral throng,  
Whate'er creation boasts of might :  
Let no ill tongue be silent found,  
But everie voice prolong the sound,  
For ever and for ever.

Thee, Lord, the old, and Thee the young,  
And Thee the infants, lisping band,  
Matrons and virgins hand in hand,  
And girlish voices feeble strung,  
Harmonious all and pure, combine  
To hymn and praise thy Name divine,  
For ever and for ever.

To Thee, O Christ, be with the Father  
And with the Holie Ghost, our Lord,  
High hymn and strain and sounding chord,  
And thanks, which from the heart we gather,  
Honour and praise ascribed, and might,  
And kingdom by eternal right,  
For ever and for ever.

AD PRIMAM. P. 6.

HUMBLIE to God Almighty pray,  
Now ere the morning star arises,  
To save us through the livelong day  
From all the tempter's dark surprises.

Pray for a guard upon our speech,  
From hastie clamour anger raising ;  
Pray that our eyesight He may teach  
From worldlie glance and idle gazing.

Pray that our thoughts may all be pure,  
And free from wayward passion's madness ;  
Pray that our haughtie frames endure  
The yoke of fasting and of sadness.

So when the light of day shall wane,  
Night in her destined course returning,  
By temperance freed from everie stain,  
Our hearts may feel devotion burning.

Now to the Father and the Son  
Be glorie, as it was, for ever ;  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
The Trinal Dread, which none may sever.

PSALM XLII.

My spirit yearns, in panting after God,  
Like yearns for waterbrook the panting deer :  
I have a thirst—it is a thirst for God,  
A longing in His temple to appear.

By day and night I have been fed with tears,  
While scorers ask me, “ Where is now thy Lord ? ”  
Ah, sadlie I remember byegone years,  
And pour out all my soul in fervid word.

Once with the multitude I went my way  
Rejoicing to the temple of the Lord ;  
With hymns of joy we kept our festal day,  
And sang Jehovah’s praise with high accord.

Why art thou all cast down and shorn of power,  
Why art thou all disquieted, my soul ?  
Put thou thy trust in God—in happier hour  
Light from his face shall shine and make thee whole.

O Lord my God, my spirit is cast down,  
Yet still from Hermon's hill, by Jordan's wave,  
I turn with prayer to Thee, though at Thy frown  
Deep calls to deep, and billows round me rave.

Thou wilt command Thy kindness in the day,  
And nightlie I will sing Thy present song ;  
My prayer shall be to Thee, and I will say,  
“ Lord, why hast Thou forgotten me so long ?”

Why must I walk in mourning for the foe,  
And in my heart endure the dailie sword ?  
Mine enemies reproach me in my woe,  
And ask me scornful, “ Where is now thy Lord ?”

Yet be not all cast down, or shorn of power,  
Be not thou all disquieted, my soul :  
Put thou thy trust in God—in happier hour  
Light from his face shall shine and make thee whole.

PSALM XLVI.

(VERSE 1—7.)

God is our refuge sure,  
God is our strength and tower,  
God is our present help  
In trouble's darkest hour.

Therefore we will not fear,  
Though earth upheave in motion ;  
Though mountains from their place  
Be tumbled into ocean.

There is a pleasant river,  
Whose streams are ever nigh,  
They shall make glad the place  
Where dwells our God most high.

God is amongst us ever,  
Therefore we stand secure ;  
God shall provide us help  
Right earlie and right sure.



Rebellious nations raged,  
Tumultuous kingdoms rose ;  
His voice was heard on high,  
And melted all his foes.

He dwells with us for ever,  
The Lord of hosts His Name ;  
The strength of Jacob old,  
Our God is still the same.

## ASCENSION DAY.

God has gone up with triumphal psalm,  
And sound of angels' heraldrie ;  
His own right Hand and His holie Arm  
Have gotten Him the victorie.

Christ has made known His salvation and power,  
The world beheld of God the token ;  
Death could not hold him beyond the hour,  
The portals of the grave were broken.

Behold captivitie captive led,  
Behold the sepulchre is riven :  
God has gone up from the shrouded dead—  
Break into song, all earth and heaven !

## PSALM XXIV.

OPEN ye gates, ye everlasting portals  
Be open for the glorious King !  
Who is the glorious King ? and why should mortals  
Aspire such loftie strain to sing ?

Christ is the glorious King, the King appointed,  
The King triumphant o'er the grave ;  
Christ is the glorious King, the Lord's Anointed,  
Mightie and powerful to save.

Open ye gates, ye everlasting portals  
Be open for the glorious King !  
Christ is the glorious King, and therefore mortals  
Aspire such loftie strain to sing.

## THE APOSTLES' PRAYER.

(Acts iv. 24—30.)

LORD Almighty, Thou art God—  
     Both the water and the land,  
 And the glorie of the heaven,  
     All were made by Thy command.  
 Thou hast spoken by Thy prophet,  
     “ Why do nations rage and strain ? ”  
 Thou hast spoken by Thy prophet,  
     “ Why imagine things in vain ? ”  
 Lo ! the kings of earth arose,  
     And the mightie were arrayed—  
 'Twas for strife against the Lord,  
     And the Christ he has displayed.”  
 For against Thy holie Child,  
     Even Jesus, gracious Lord,  
 Jew and Roman, king and people,  
     Raged and rose in one accord ;  
 And they did what was prepared  
     By Thy counsel and Thy hand.  
 Now, O Lord our God, behold,  
     Look upon their threatening band ;

Stretching forth Thy hand to heal,  
Honour Thy Almighty child :  
Let us boldlie, full of power,  
Preach our Saviour undefiled.

## EPODE.

HERE, like some wandering bird, ill-skilled to soar,  
But whirled by driving tempest o'er the main ;  
Here, weak and wayward muse, break off thy strain,  
And rest thy wearie wing ; nor ever more  
Tempt with audacious flight the ocean's roar.  
Not thine the pinions which the storm disdain,  
Or climb with daring course th' eternal fane :  
So rest thee, landed on the quiet shore.  
Here may no harsh tones scare thy timid glance,  
Nor anye, injured by thy breath, complain ;  
But, gentle wakened from her sleeping trance,  
Cambria shake off " the dew-drops from her mane !"  
So to her children all, o'er hill and dale,  
And all who love her well, bid kindlie hail.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### *The Banquet, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> "WHENNE Hengistus hadde experience of the great hoost of Brytons, he then ordeyned meanes of treaty and of peas. Where lastly it was concluded, that a certayne nombre of Brytons and as many of Saxons shulde upon a Maye day assemble upon the playne of Ambrii, now called Salesbury. Whiche daye certainly prefixed, Hengistus usyng a newe maner of treason, charged all his Saxons by hym appointed, that eche of theym shuld put secretly a long knyfe in theyr hoose, and at suche season as he gave to theym this wathe or byworde "*Nempnith pour Saxis*," [*Nemet oure saxas*], that every eche of theym shuld drawe his knyfe and slee a Bryton' nat sparynge any one except Vortiger [*Gourtheyrn*] the kyng. And at the daye before appoynted, the kyng with a certayne of Brytons nat ware of this purposed treason came in a peasyble wyse to the place before assygned, where he fande redy Hengistus with his Saxons, the whyche due obeysaunce made unto the kyng receyved hym with a contenance of all loue. Where after a tyme of commynycation hadde, Hengiste beyng mynded to execute his former purposed treason, shewyd his watcheworde by reason whereof anon the Brytons were slayne as shepe amonge woluyes, hauyng no maner of wepyn to defende theymself, except that any of theym might

by his manhode and strengthe gette the knyfe of his enemye. Amonge the nombre of these Brytons was an erle called Edolf [Eldol], erle of Caerlegion or Chestre, the whyche seyng his felowes and frendes thus muredred, as affermeth myne auctour Gaufride and other; he by his manhode wane a stake in the hedge or ellyswhere, w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>t</sup> whyche he knyghtly sauyd his owne lyfe and slewe of the Saxons xvii, and fledde the cytie or towne of Ambrii, now named Salesbury."

So far the chronicler *Fabian*, fol. xxxv., in the uncastrated edition of 1516, of which the greater part was burnt by order of Cardinal Wolsey. Besides Geoffry, he quotes as authority for a variation of the story "an Auctour, called *Wilhelmus de Regibus*; and the Latin of Geoffry, Bishop of Saint Asaph, Matthew of Westminster, and Roger of Wendover, correspond severally, I find, almost word for word with his account. It is only fair to add, that notwithstanding this array of black-letter authorities, the whole story may be suspected of belonging rather to the romance than to the history of the overthrow of Christianity and civilization in our island by the savage hordes from the north. The author, however, of "*Britannia after the Romans*," who is generally full of Saxon scepticism, says, "This transaction certainly occurred. It has been unjustly brought into doubt." See his Essay, p. 46.

The reader will have scarcely failed to notice that the *Eldol*, who is generally called "Consul Glocestriæ," or lord of *Caerloyou*, rather than *Caerlegion*, is the *Samor* of Mr. Milman's beautiful poem.

<sup>2</sup> "Intravit itaque Sathanas in cor ejus [Vortigerni], qui, cum esset Christianus, cum paganâ coire desiderabat. Nupsit (!) itaque eâdem nocte rex Paganæ, quæ ultra modum placuit; unde inimicitiam procerum et filiorum suorum in-

currit."—Roger of Wendover, *Flores Hist.* in init. lib. II. Here again Geoffrey, Matthew of Westminster, and Fabyan, correspond as above.

*Llywarch Hen.*

<sup>3</sup> For a full account of Lhowark or Liowarch Hane, the Priam of Wales, who, after losing his numerous sons in successive battles, lived to extreme old age, and retired to the neighbourhood of Bala, where he lamented his fate in somewhat rugged strains; the curious reader may consult Dr. Owen Pugh's edition of his remains. He is the earliest authority who mentions Arthur. I will only add a suspicion that he is represented by the Lamorac of the romance writers; requesting also the reader to remember, that the present poem is professedly an imitation of a quaint and rugged style.

*Aneirin.*

<sup>4</sup> That Aneirin was a brave though arrogant soldier, as well as a bard with no ordinary degree of fiery inspiration, seems generally agreed. I must confess a doubt, whether, according to a right translation of his verse, we should not suppose *three companions* (the two war-dogs of Aeron, and Conan) to have cut their way out, and the bard himself to have been taken prisoner, but to have been released in consequence of his poetical or musical skill. The lines most quoted from his poem may be thus translated:

The men who went to Cattraeth were men of name;  
Wine and mead out of gold was their drinking;

Three men, and threescore, and three hundred, with golden torquis:  
Out of all that marched forth after excessive drinking,

There escaped but three { from  
or  
with } the gashing of swords,  
The two war-dogs, Aeron and Conan, (who are now) buried;  
And myself { from  
or  
with } my blood-shedding—price of my song.

Some further specimens of the bard may be found in the notes to the Mabinogion, which will well repay the real student of poetry; and there is a meagre account of him in some editions of Gray, who paraphrased Mr. Evans' Latin version of the above.

*Owen Gwynedd.*

5 " Shortlie after died Run the sonne of Prince Owen of North Wales, a faire and a goodlie young man, whose death when it came to his father's eares did so trouble him, that no kind of plesure could comfort his heavie hart, so that he led the night in teares and the day in heaviness, till God, who took compassion upon the poore leavings and remnants of the Brytaines, even as he had discomforted the prince with the death of his sonne, so he did glad his sorowful hart with the overthrow of his enemies. For there was a castell at the Mould [Montalto], verie strong and well manned, which did trouble the whole countrie about, and had been oftentimes besieged but never won. Prince Owen levied a power and laid siege to it, but the garrison defended it manfullie, and aboad diverse assaults: but at last, mauger their heads, the sight of the prince did so incourage his men that they entred by force, and slew a great number, and tooke the rest of the defendants, and razed the fort to the earth; which victorie atchieved did so please the prince, that he left his solitarie plaints, and fell to his accustomed pastimes." The above



quotation is from Caradoc of Llangarvan, or his editor Dr. Powel, page 199 of the edition of 1584, which is the earliest I have been able to procure, and far more interesting than Dr. Wynne's revised and modernised edition of 1697. It would seem that Owen took the castle fairly; so that the poem does him injustice in supposing a night assault. Lest also this humane and christianlike sort of consolation should give the reader an indifferent opinion of the ablest of our princes, I subjoin his character from the same author.

“Cadwalader and Owen Gwyneth, the sons of Gruffyth ab Conan, in whom remained the hope of all Wales, for they were gentle and liberall to all men, terrible and cruell to their enemies, meeke and humble to their freends, the succour and defense of widows, fatherless, and all that were in necessitie: and as they passed all other in good and laudable vertues, so they were paragons of strength, beautie, and well proportionate bodies.” Ibid. p. 189. And again, p. 225, we are told that Owen “passed out of this world after he had governed his countrie well and worthilie 32 yeares. This prince was fortunate and victorious in all his affaires; he never tooke any enterprise in hand but he atchieved it.”

#### *Prince Madoc.*

\* The discovery of America by Madoc, son of Owen Gwyneth, is one of those traditions “poeticis magis decora fabulis, quæ nec affirmare nec refellere in animo est.” As the poem by Southey has made the subject familiar to most readers, I shall give only a short extract from Dr. Powel, which he seems to have taken from H. Lloyd, the earliest translator of Caradoc, whose work I have not seen. “Madoc, another of Owen Gwyneth his sonnes, left the land in contention

betwixt his brethren, and prepared certayne ships with men and munition, and sought adventures by seas, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland so far north, that he came to a land unknown, where he saw manie strange things. This land must needs be some part of that countrie of whiche the Spaniards affirme themselves to be the first finders sith Hanno's time; for by reason and order of cosmographie this land to the which Madoc came must needs be some part of Nova Hispania or Florida.... Of the viage and returne of this Madoc there be manie fables fained, as the common people doo use in distance of place and length of time rather to augment, than to diminish: but sure it is, that there he was. And after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitful countries that he had seene without inhabitants; and upon the contrarie part for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephues did murder one another, he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness, and taking leave of his freendes, tooke his journeyt hitherward againe." (Page 227-8.)

<sup>7</sup> *The Ghost of the Living.* With respect to this poem and some others, such as "The three Rings" and "Hugh Pugh," which will appear later in the collection; it is only necessary to acquaint the reader that they are genuine living traditions, not invented by their versifier, but told nearly as he has heard them.

*The Hall of the Nations.*

<sup>8</sup> Lago Maggiore.

<sup>9</sup> Some account of Merlin may be found in the *Morte d'Arthur*; in the notes to the *Mabinogion*; and in the *Auctores Monastici*, edited by Mr. Giles in a manner above all praise.

<sup>10</sup> Viviane was the Ladye of the Lake, whose beauty enslaved the mysterious prophet, and whose treachery confined him as alluded to in the text.

" And if thou ever happen that same way  
To travaill, go to see that dreadful place;  
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
Under a rock, that lies a little space  
From the swift Barry, tombling down apace  
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace  
To enter into that same baleful bowre,

For fear the cruell feendes should thee unwares devoure.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,  
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines  
And brasen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling heare, &c "

SPENSER. *Faerie Queene*, book III. canto 3, stanza VII.-XV.

Ariosto indeed places

" l'antica e memorabil grotta  
Ch' edificio Merlino, il savio mago,  
Dove inganollo la donna del lago"

in the south of France. (canto III. stanza 10.) This imprisonment however did not prevent the wild diviner from prophesying at some length to the heroines of both Spenser and his master.

<sup>11</sup> It has been before mentioned that the Welsh claim a share in the blood of Milton, as in many of the brilliant worthies of Great Britain. The great object of this poem being to vindicate the large contribution of our race to the general fame and welfare of the island, the descent of our greatest poet is naturally mentioned; and the reader will find great but not undue stress laid upon the similar descent of our greatest and noblest names, so far as it can be traced; not to mention the many minglings of the flood of races, of which vulgar history takes little cognizance. As to the degree in which the

English nobility share the eldest blood of our island, information may be found in the "*Cambria Triumphans*" of Enderbye, a curious book published in the year 1661, to which my attention was lately called by one of the most eminent Welsh scholars now alive.

<sup>12</sup> Many readers will here recognise something of the feeling with which they have entered St. Peter's at Rome, or some of our own cathedrals, whenever the churchwarden or dean-and-chapter style of architecture has not succeeded in destroying the effect of the original.

<sup>13</sup> The dragon is sometimes represented as the armorial bearing of our Welsh princes, and was certainly borne as such on the field of Bosworth. The readers of Mr. Deane's interesting book on "*Serpent Worship*" may perhaps speculate whether this emblem symbolized the reminiscences of a tradition connected with the Fall of Man, which prevailed largely throughout the ancient world, and was at one time strong in Britain. It may be well to advise some readers that in this and the following stanza the writer seems to personify Britannia with her two races, the earliest of southern or oriental, the younger of northern origin; while the third seems to represent Ireland, or her genius.

<sup>14</sup> The wolf is generally a Saxon emblem, and when borne by the British, as the Williams' of Penhryn or Cochwillan bore three wolf's heads in the time of king John, it is to be considered as a trophy.

<sup>15</sup> The success of the Saxon hordes is connected chiefly with two causes—the intestine division of the Britons, and the

general overthrow of Roman civilization by the savage outpouring from the north. The text only asserts in the next and the following stanzas, what history and philosophy appear to indicate, that the coarser efflux of the north was destined by Providence to receive refinement and to be fused with a nobler and gentler element when it came in contact with the elder and more finely organized children of civilization and the earlier inheritors of Christianity.

<sup>16</sup> Asser the wise was one of the learned of his day, and the teacher as well as the biographer of Alfred. His name is one of interest as forming the link between the elder civilization of Britain and that which Alfred formed anew among his barbarous subjects. When we read of Alfred playing the harper and the legislator, it is impossible not to connect his accomplishments with the instructions of Asserius Menevensis, to whom the laws of Downwal Moelmad the old British legislator must have been familiar. So Caradoc (or Powell) expressly asserts (page 42), "This prince translated the ancient laws of Dyfnwal Moelmut, king of Brytaine, out of Brytish into English."

<sup>17</sup> The epigram contrasting Elizabeth and her successor is too hacknied to quote. It is not so well known that Cromwell, "our great usurper," was of immediately Welsh descent. I must add that these stanzas were written very long before his statue and his character had become subjects of popular dispute. The "distant persecutor" is, of course, the "bloody Piedmontese" of Milton's sonnet.

<sup>18</sup> There never was a greater victim of the malice of party in life and in death than Archbishop Williams. Were I to

attempt his defence, the materials would swell into a volume. "Envy itself could not deny," says Fuller, who was no friend to his memory, "that whithersoever he went, he might be traced by the footsteps of his benefaction." In the laborious habits of a student he was scarcely ever equalled, and in patronage of learning unsurpassed. He knew familiarly the fathers, the schoolmen, and the darker as well as the more obvious pages of ecclesiastical history. He was reckoned "the most complete bishop that the age afforded." (Hacket 11. p. 110.) As Lord Keeper, he at first was embarrassed by legal difficulties, but "all reproaches on this score were quickly unsaid as soon as the court had trial of his abilities;" and "in the trial of two terms the counsel at the bar were greatly satisfied with him." He sat in court before daylight, never sleeping more than three hours out of the twenty-four. Though the successor of Bacon, he "had a hand clean from corruption and taking of gifts." "Lime hounds were laid close to his footsteps to hunt him, and every corner searched to find a little of that dust behind his door; but it proved a dry scent to the inquisitors—for, to his glory and the shame of his enemies, it could never appear that the least birdlime of corruption did stick to his fingers." Nor were his decisions ever reversed, "except upon new presumptions." Why then was he condemned? As well ask, why was Aristides banished or Russell beheaded? "The bishop's case," says Hacket, "was to be severed from other men's." The chancellor told him, "the proclamation indeed is full and clear on your side, but I have special directions that you shall have no benefit thereof." The Attorney-General Noy, "a man of a cynical behaviour but of an honest heart...professed a great averseness from pleading in this case, for he wanted grounds to plead upon." After his death, the "notorious Kilvert....a man

branded long before in a parliament for perjury..ranted it, and bore down all justice before him." The bishop was not allowed to prove the falsehood of his accuser's testimony because, as they were the king's witnessess, this would have been treason against the king. "And who was ever used like this defendant since the Star-chamber sate? When was it known before, that in every of the ten days that the case was in debate, a closet meeting was held at Greenwich, the lords sent for to it one by one, the *proofs* repeated to them, and their votes bespoken?" (Hacket, p. 119-125.) Well might the injured prelate exclaim, "*Now the work is over, my heart is at rest; so is not many of those that have censured me.*" But why had he such bitter enemies? And why did Laud persecute his old patron and benefactor? Because, says Hacket, the Lord Keeper had always warned both James and Charles against "Rehoboam's earwigs;" because he disliked severity, and shrank from cutting off puritans' ears; because he held the uncourtly doctrine, that "an Englishman's tribute comes not from the king's exaction, but by the people's free oblation, out of the mouth of their representatives." (Hack. Mem. i 60, 61.) He foretold that "the storm would gather" and though no man more lamented or strove against the ruin of the church and monarchy, the fact of his foreseeing it was treason in the eyes of those whose blindness partly provoked it. For else, although his great nature carried itself somewhat loftily, and his innate scorn of meanness was extended to those who practised it, he was a man to be loved and feared, rather than hated. "The sun never went down upon his wrath. There did not live that Christian that would put up with greater wrongs, or pass them over with a more slight contempt. He forgot injuries as if they had been dreams;"—very different in this respect from Laud. Again, "If he had his match,

I think upon earth he had not his superiour, being most exorable to offenders, facile in taking satisfaction, faithful after reconciliation..using his power too much to protect some, but never to injure any."

The above fragmentary quotations are chiefly from Hacket's life, which, notwithstanding its cumbrous quaintness, is deeply interesting, and should be well studied by those whom other and less trustworthy sources of information have prejudiced against the stately prelate. I will only add, his sentence was absolutely reversed, and his innocence acknowledged by his very persecutors ; that as he foretold the king's ruin, so he strove to prevent it, and died, apparently of a broken heart, on hearing of his execution.

<sup>19</sup> " His [Laud's] severity in the Star-chamber and in the High Commission court, but above all, his violent and indeed inexcusable injustice in the prosecution of Bishop Williams, were such visible blemishes, that nothing but the putting him to death in so unjust a manner, could have raised his character."—BURNET. *Own Times*, i. p. 49, 50.

<sup>20</sup> That the family of Inigo Jones [Inco ab Sion] came from the neighbourhood of Llanrwst is generally acknowledged ; but there is perhaps room to doubt whether the great architect himself was not actually born in London. In the following stanzas the claims of Gibson and of Sir Hugh Middleton to honorable mention are sufficiently obvious ; while the mother of the Wellesleys, a daughter of the house of Trevor, gives us part and portion in the greatest names of modern time.

<sup>21</sup> It may be enough to mention here the names of the princess Guendolen, and of Sir William ab Thomas, the fol-



lower of Henry the Fifth, and son-in-law of Sir David Gam as connected with the noble families of Talbot and Herbert. Other links are supplied by Enderbie and by Collins.

<sup>22</sup> That theory seems here to be adopted, which represents the dark complexion and nervous as well as intellectual organization of the Hesperian or quasi-Celtic race, as opposed to the light hair and ruder physical development of the Teutons. Giraldus seems to have held this: his words are, "The English, although placed in a distant climate, still retain the exterior fairness of complexion and inward coldness of disposition, as inseparable from their original and natural character. The Britons, on the contrary, transplanted from the hot and parched regions of Dardania into these more temperate districts, (as *cœlum non animum*, &c.) still retain their brown complexion and that natural warmth of temper from which their confidence is derived." *GIR. CAMBR. Descript. of Wales*, chap. xv. p. 323, vol. II. of Hoare.

<sup>22</sup> We have here the Cumraic or ancient British tongue represented by its genius.

<sup>23</sup> The Isle of the Mightie, "*Ynys y cedyrn*," is the bardic title of Great Britain, which is here apostrophised parenthetically amidst the address to France.

<sup>24</sup> This stanza is diluted from some lines by a friend, whose fear or participation of John Bull's prejudices has prevented him from publishing them.

<sup>25</sup> Spain.

<sup>26</sup> Nothing is more remarkable in the history of Germany than the inability of her children to hold fast any belief or creed in religion, philosophy, or politics ; and the smothered murmur with which they have ever coveted the well-ordered freedom of the British race, while they have never extorted from their sovereigns more than the semblance of a constitution. This historical fact, so long disguised by the stolid dream of Anglo-Saxonism, has of late been fully acknowledged by Mr. Laing, an impartial witness. Let me add from my own observation, that nowhere in the world are the results of our constitution so invidiously and systematically slandered and depreciated, as in the *censured* prints of Austria and Prussia.

<sup>27</sup> The daughter of Israel.

*Llew-elyn ab Gruffudd.*

<sup>28</sup> With respect to this poem, my notes shall be confined to a few points, such as may have escaped the ordinary reader of Warrington, or other histories of Wales.

The last Llewelyn is not to be confounded with the former prince of the same name, the son of Iorwerth. The *Snowdon* for which Llewelyn contended was not the mountain generally so called, but a mountainous and snowy district, comprehending part of three counties. He was willing to submit to Edward, had not the terms offered been such as his national council of chieftains declared to be dishonourable and unsafe, and therefore forbade him to accept. This fact is curious, as shewing the practically free constitution, which then obtained in Wales.

Upon his refusal he was excommunicated, as the early British bishops had been by Augustine. When the war broke out he carried hostilities into South Wales, and engaged in

negotiations with the lords of Buillt. They promised to meet him in a wood on the Welsh side of the Wye. In the mean time his troops were to keep the bridge, and he expressed his confidence of their doing so, as in the poem. The lords, however, were treacherous: a ford lower down the river was betrayed, which Elias Walwyn and Adam de Francton passed; and the sequel is well known. Even recently the bad faith of their ancestors was a sore subject with the men of Buillt. The well from which Llewelyn drank when dying is still shewn, and local tradition preserves many little circumstances full of romantic melancholy. In the last stanza of the poem, the slaughter of the bards who lamented the fate of Llewelyn is alluded to. A poem by Gruffudd ap yr ynad coch, mentioning the ill-fated Prince with merited honour, is still preserved, and quoted by Warrington and by Evans in his *Specimens of the Welsh Bards*. There is also a poem extant on the same subject by Gwilym Ddu of Arvon, whose name I originally intended placing in the text.

*Pensieri.*

<sup>29</sup> Rhaiadyr (*ραίειν*, frangere) the Cumraic word for a cataract.

<sup>30</sup> The Awen (connected with *āw* and Aonides) is invariably the bardic term for the "afflatus" or inspiration, which is the only equivalent in Welsh poetry for the many names of the muse.

<sup>31</sup> The *Cam* (as in Camlan) becomes the name of the Granta at that part of its course where its winding is remarkable. The word *κάμπτω* will strike the etymologist as kindred.

*The Execution.*

<sup>32</sup> The incident mentioned in the poem happened at Flint in 1840, and was generally cited as a proof of extraordinary depravity. My object has been to give it a different and, I trust, a truer colouring.

*The Winds.*

<sup>33</sup> George Herbert, in his *Country Parson*, insists on the duty of walking the boundaries: and wherever it was performed with the solemnity natural from its importance in a mountain district, its effect was very different from that of the ludicrous scenes enacted in our towns.

*Αἶλιον.*

<sup>34</sup> The subject of this poem was a native of the district called Brynford in Flintshire; and after acquiring some poetical distinction became, as was said, restless and dissatisfied, and emigrated to Mobile. During the illness which preceded his early death, he is described by an eye-witness as having sought daily the fanciful solace described in the fourth stanza. This is all I know of him.

<sup>35</sup> Roger Williams. "His history belongs to America rather than England; but we must not even thus casually mention his name without an expression of respect and reverence, for he was one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world—a man of genius and virtue, in whom enthusiasm took the happiest direction, and produced the best fruits.".....  
 "If ever a Welsh Fuller should write the worthies of Wales, Roger Williams will deserve, if not the first place, yet

a place among the first, for *he began the first civil government upon earth that gave equal liberty of conscience*. This man (whose name, if all men had their due, would stand as high as William Penn's for that upon which Penn's fame is founded) wrote a book against what he called *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution*; and the older Cotton answered it by another with this dreadful title, *The Bloody Tenet Washed and made White in the Blood of the Lamb*." The above character is by a writer (probably Southey) in the tenth volume of the *Quarterly*.

<sup>36</sup> This stanza is, I fear, a decided, though at the time it was written an unconscious, reminiscence of one in the German poem to which these lines refer.

<sup>37</sup> With respect to this and other poems of the kind, the reader is reminded once for all, that the poet speaks perpetually in any one's character rather than his own. His impulses are not of feeling or experience so much as imagination. Nothing therefore would be more unreasonable than to charge with egotism or vanity such poems as the above, which may be put in the mouth of whoever pleases to adopt them. Those readers who fancy that a poet's character or history may be deduced from his works would do well to look at an anecdote in the life of Thompson, in whose case the experiment was tried.

<sup>30</sup> Hypatia. "Fille de Théon le géomètre, d'un génie supérieur à son père, elle étoit née, avoit été nourrie et élevée à Alexandrie; savante en astronomie au-dessus des convenances de son sexe, elle fréquentoit des écoles, et enseignoit elle-même la doctrine d'Aristote et de Platon; on l'appeloit *le*

*Philosophe*....L'admiration qu' inspiroit Hypatia n' exclu-  
oit point un sentiment plus tendre : un de ses disciples se  
mouroit d'amour pour elle ; la jeune platonicienne employa la  
musique à la guérison du malade, et fit rentrer la paix par  
l'harmonie dans l'âme qu'elle avoit troublée. L'évêque  
d' Alexandrie, Cyrille, devint jaloux de la gloire d' Hypatia."  
(CHATEAUBRIAND, *Etude troisième, Sec. Part.*) Among the cor-  
respondents of Hypatia was Synesius, the worthy though  
eccentric Bishop of Ptolemais.

The more learned reader may consult, if he pleases, Suidas,  
under the word Ὑπατία. Madame de Staël has rendered the  
name of Corilla (Corinne) sufficiently familiar.

<sup>39</sup> Ereiri or Eryri is the Cumraic name of the Snowdon  
chain, and means either the "Eagle mountains", or more pro-  
bably "snowy mountains," so corresponding to the English  
word. It has been before remarked that the name is of more  
extensive application than is generally supposed.

<sup>40</sup> It would be unpardonable not to mention here the name  
of Goronwy Owen ; while the reader of Welsh history will  
recollect the battle of Moel-y-don, where, by a successful  
stratagem, the English were allowed to cross the strait in just  
such numbers as to admit of their being cut off with considera-  
ble loss.

<sup>41</sup> The stone may still be seen above the reading-desk in the  
primitive little church of Llanddeiniolen. It records the  
names of Morys Lloyd and his wife, with the following addi-  
tion, "This man fought a good fight (*ymdrechodd ymdrech  
dég*) for his king and country."

<sup>42</sup> The word "tamad," literally perhaps *a cut* (ταμείν), is used rather in the way of invitation; and perhaps has no better equivalent in English than "morsel."

<sup>43</sup> If the reader should ever walk from the Penhryn slate quarries up Nant Francon, he will perhaps thank me for advising him not to turn by Llyn Ogwen to Capel Curig, but to mount the hill in front until he reaches the theatre of living rock in which Llyn Idwal is partially imbedded. He should subsequently continue his course upwards until he see beneath his feet another little lake or mountain pool. The whole scene is remarkably wild and grand; and, unless perhaps the drive from Tremadoc by Pontaberglaslyn and *through Nantgwynant* to Llanberis should be excepted, surpasses anything of the kind in North Wales.

<sup>44</sup> If any inconvenient Welsh critic should contend that Bronwen denotes fairness of *breast*, rather than *brow*, I must remind him of the analogy of the cognate word *frons*, as well as the necessity of my rhyme. With respect to the rationale of the poem, I refer to the lines on Welsh education, and the notes appended to them.

<sup>45</sup> In page 170, under the head of "St. Asaph and Bangor," are retained the least vehement among some crude and rude rhymes, which "in my hot youth" were published under another title, and intended to do the work of a pamphlet against the proposed union of the sees. Having only retained (as I hope) what are tolerably free from offence, I reprint them in token of my earnest and deliberate protest against that miserable measure—not in order to cherish unavailing resentment, but because there is still room for the Anglican Church to

repent; and "if for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream."

<sup>46</sup> The event to which these sonnets refer was a sad tragedy perpetrated near the famous monastery of Bangor; where two hundred unarmed ecclesiastics were massacred in the act of prayer by Ethelfrid, who however was defeated and slain in his next battle. There is *no proof* that this massacre was immediately brought about by that equivocal saint, the Romish Augustine; but whoever compares the account given by Bede of Augustine's interview with the British bishops and Alfred's translation of the same, with the comments of Hickes and others, will find room for strong and uncleared suspicion that it did indirectly arise from Augustine's instigation. It is not necessary here to discuss the question farther.

<sup>47</sup> A note somewhat long for insertion here will be found in the Appendix.

<sup>48</sup> In this and several other lines the sense aimed at by Propertius is given, rather than the allusion explained. There is often a learned pedantry in his allusions, impossible to be rendered at the same time literally and intelligibly to the modern reader. I thought it however worth while attempting to give one of his finest poems in an English dress; though nothing in general is farther from my ambition than the mere reproduction of classical and obsolete modes of thought.

<sup>49</sup> The "*spica cilissa*" of the original seems to mean the ointment produced from the Cilician crocus or saffron.



<sup>50</sup> No poem perhaps in the book is more open to the censure deprecated in my preface, than this on the subject of "Modern Assassination." Before, however, the reader altogether condemns it, let him consider whether the exclusively Philo-Saxon tone and the depreciation of our eldest race which has entered into modern English literature, be not due to the same cause as the decay of many old and homely virtues,—namely the breaking down of natural affection, and the slackening of those kindly bonds which formerly knit the people of our island together as a whole. If then this be in any degree the case, it is only natural that the concurrent effects should be classed together strongly, and even with something of polemical exaggeration, in an idyll put into the mouth of a shepherd. The play of Fletcher referred to is *Bonduca*, to which might be added the *Virgin Martyr* by Massinger, where a British captive refuses to abuse the heroine. It must however be acknowledged, that the *Masque* by Ben Jonson, from which a quotation has been given at the beginning of the volume, is conceived in a different and more satiric vein.

<sup>51</sup> The remaining poems in the volume consist, with scarcely an exception, of translation or paraphrase. They must therefore be judged, not absolutely, but with reference to the original.



## APPENDIX.

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### I.

ABOUT three years ago one of the large American steamers homeward bound was detained by some mischance off Holyhead, and several passengers, to whom time was important, profited by the opportunity of landing, and proceeded on their journey. An American gentleman on board, although anxious to save time, and heartily sick of his voyage, could by no arguments be induced to follow what he conceived to be so rash and perilous an example. Holyhead, he was credibly informed, was in Wales; and Wales, as he learnt from the papers, was terribly vexed by the rebellion of the Rebeccaites; how therefore could he trust the person of a free and enlightened citizen among a people so ignorant of divine and human law, and in a country so utterly destitute of civilization? Thus reasoned our transatlantic cousin. Ludicrous, however, as it appeared to the good people of Anglesey, that their country should be pronounced unsafe, and themselves uncivilized, because a few obnoxious turnpikes had been broken down in South Wales; there is reason to fear that we need not cross the Atlantic to find almost equal ignorance of things in the principality.

Though a journey of twelve hours from London will land you safely in the country, its name retains in the ears of John Bull an outlandish sound, and he pictures it as a place in which the Pilgrim's Progress, or any other story of wonders, might, for aught he knows, be literally enacted. It is to this feeling that we must attribute his facility of belief in any marvellous statement, provided only the scene be laid in Wales. Hence the well-meant but exaggerated declamation of the member for Coventry, on the subject of education in Wales, did not appear so extraordinary to his hearers in the House of Commons as to his readers in the principality. The picture of neglect which the hon. Member drew may not be overdrawn as regards the particular district which he mentioned in South Wales—a sort of “Cuxteth Heath,” where motley refugees from all quarters, men in debt and distress, in danger of the law or ill odour with their neighbours, are attracted together by coalpits and the congenial license of a mining population. But if the same statements are applied elsewhere, they must be considered as romance. The very zeal of religious sectarianism renders it impossible they should be true. Almost everywhere the Church does something, and her numerous opponents are not backward either in rivalling her efforts, or supplying, after their fashion, her deficiency. So far in fact are the Welsh peasantry from lagging behind their English fellows in actual education, that we may repeat at present the comparison drawn by Humphrey Llwyd, nearly three hundred years ago: “*Nuper tamen urbes habitare, artes mechanicas discere, mercaturam exercere, terram optime (?) colere, reliquaque omnia munia obire non secus ac Angli solent; hâc tamen in re eos vincentes, quod nullus sit adeo pauper quin liberos suos*

*aliquo tempore scholæ ad literas discendas tradat.”*.....

“ Paucos etiam ex rudiori populo invenies, qui legere et scribere proprium sermonem, citharamque suo more pulsare nesciunt.” H. Llwyd, Comment. p. 77, edit. 1731. [The first edition was 1568. The harp-playing, I am afraid, cannot now be claimed.] Not indeed that I mean to assert the general sufficiency of education either in England or Wales, or would do otherwise than hail with joy any improvement in either country. We must not however imagine such an utter scarcity of this blessing in Wales, as to render advisable the first crude measures which alarm may suggest. Now if it be asked in all calmness, what is the greatest error in the existing schools in our rural parishes? the true though paradoxical answer would be, not that it is the want of English teaching, as the member for Coventry supposes, but *the neglect of teaching Welsh*. Let us examine the matter calmly, and allow, for argument's sake, that the existence of the Welsh language is a great evil and drawback to the country. Nevertheless, if children hear one language from their infancy at home, it is in vain that you attempt, in the very limited period they can probably spare for your instructions, to familiarize their ear with the sound, and reach their intellect with the meaning of English, as long as it is unaided by the habit of translating what they read. Test this doctrine by the old Eton Latin Grammar. What conceivable boy would learn to speak or read Latin to any good purpose, by being simply taught the Latin “As in præsentî” and the Syntax, without construing it? Or would his case be much helped by reading daily one or two chapters of the Vulgate? The answer to these questions is obvious. Yet such are the principles of teaching which, in their

anxiety to *force* the cultivation of English, people adopt in our village schools. Now what is the consequence? I have often known people, whose reading language was English, but whose speaking language was almost exclusively Welsh. What a confused medley of words and things must thus be produced in their minds! How the eye of the intellect must be dimmed, and its edge blunted, by the half-caught gleams of ideas and tangled mass of doubts thus presented, which it can neither see distinctly nor decide with certainty. Can this be called education? or is it giving the mind of our peasantry fair play? Then some philosophical John Bull exclaims at their *obstinacy*, that they prefer speaking a language whose familiar tones they understand; or at their *dulness*, that they do not understand better what they have been so imperfectly taught.

Now let us suppose the system of instruction were so far altered as to be in accordance with nature, and that children were first taught to read the language which they speak at home. Even if we stopped here, the progress would be so far real; we should have given the innate faculty of reason a tool to work with, and our education would not be a thing of show, but of real benefit. But in fact you would then have an easy road opened to the acquirement of English; and *it would require far less toil* for children to learn English, with their reason working through the medium of their own language, than to do so now as a matter of rote. Again, the habit of construing would be in itself a most valuable instrument of education.

So far we have been reasoning on the supposition that the Welsh language in itself is a thing detrimental; and even so, common sense seems to require that for Welsh

children its study should be considered the best preliminary to their acquirement of English; unless, indeed, education is something or other in which the lips are much concerned, but with which the intellect and heart have nothing to do. But what if by our neglect of Welsh we are throwing away a great gift of Providence? Is there any reason why a people should not learn and thoroughly understand a neighbouring language, without immediately smothering their own? It is just as easy to speak two languages as to speak one. There are many parts of Europe where the peasantry do speak two, and are on that account generally remarkable for their intelligence. Nay, by knowing a second language a man is at once in some degree educated, and is twice as much an intellectual being. Now all this might not prove the expediency of teaching our peasantry any far-fetched tongue, such as Latin or French,—but it is a strong reason against throwing away their own language which you have already at hand; it being universally allowed that, if possible, they are to be taught English. Why then is it obstinate or unreasonable, if we hesitate before we sacrifice a tongue endeared by a thousand reminiscences, most noble and eloquent in sound, ancient in structure, and with some qualities which peculiarly fit it for evoking the powers of the intellect. For instance, it is homogeneous;\* it forms and evolves itself from certain roots *ad infinitum*, as occasion may require. In such a language the mind thinks as it talks, and speaks by reason more than by ear. Whereas, in English, not one man in a thousand is capable of expressing himself otherwise than by ear, the meaning of words being fixed to the multitude not

\* On this subject there is an interesting passage, confirmatory of the view in the text, in Mr. Wilson Evans' "Bishopric of Souls."

by derivation so much as by the caprice of custom. This perhaps may be a reason, as well as greater gentleness of blood, why the Welsh peasant is a being of a higher order in subtlety of reasoning and clearness of understanding, compared to the English rustic of the same rank. Almost the only argument against the retention of the Welsh language is, that by rendering more difficult the task of the clergy, it ministers to dissent. Experience however shews, that wherever on this ground the language has been discouraged, Nature\* has avenged herself on her short-sighted assailants, and increased the very evil against which it was intended to provide.

The good-natured reader will, I trust, forgive me for having beguiled him into a note, which has almost swelled into a pamphlet. My countrymen too in Wales (who have *far less Welsh* imaginations than I myself retain in England) will perhaps reconsider a question which has often been summarily pooh-poohed rather than reasoned upon. Whenever our old language dies out of itself, let it go quietly. We cannot check the providential stream of events, but we can refrain from accelerating it to our cost *ὑπὲρ μόνον*. The same sentiment will apply to other customs and manners, so far as they are still peculiar. Let time, rather than our rashness, be their destroyer. Rather let us lay them gently to rest, and not grudge them the dirge of song, or the tear of fondness over their grave. Hitherto we have gained little by the introduction of more English pastimes than our own. The soaped pig-tails, and the greased pole, and the racing in sacks of the coarser English merry-making, are poor and debasing substitutes for the harp and the dance, the reciting of *pennillion*, and

\* *Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.*



our old games of strength and activity. Perhaps also it may be doubted if our religion is purer, because its peculiar manifestation in our country has frowned with gloomy brow upon some of the amusements just mentioned. Unless scandal greatly errs, the assemblies for field-preaching and the nightly conventicles, in which the feelings are roused by vehement appeals, (as if Christianity consisted in passionate emotions,) have not been more favourable to morality than the harp and the dance, for which Solomon said "there is a time," but which are now looked upon by many as heathenish.

Let us glance at the bearing of the above considerations upon the subject of Welsh names. It has often been regretted, that an anxiety to conform to English practice has produced, instead of our older names, a number of patronymics formed by the mere addition of the English letter S. The result is not only a series of hisses, but such an uniformity as to render our surnames no distinction, unless we add to the person's name that of his residence, which in some parts of Wales is done as regularly as in Scotland. If this practice were universally and on a consistent principle adopted, the present surnames might be either entirely dropt or practically disregarded. Each person's surname might then be taken from his farm or his cottage, or from the mountain on which he lived, or, in some cases, from the township or hamlet. Such surnames, when once regularly adopted, might descend in families, and would answer their purpose in being really distinctive; nor will any one deny that we should be gainers in point of euphony. The *Trē*, the *Bōd*, the *Glan*, and the *Vron*, in their various combinations, would furnish an inexhaustible store. The *Māb* might sometimes be introduced, like the *Mac*. Tre-

maine, Bodówen, Glanávon, Broneirion, Caereinion, Mabévan, would be no bad substitutes for Hughes and Jones. If some such change could be brought about, I should address my country with the comic boast, ἔσῳσα σ' ἐκ τῶν σίγμα, τῶν Σαζωνίκων. How far this is practicable, let others judge. My own purpose will have been answered, if I impress any one with the conviction that, in things great or small, imitation of strangers is not necessarily improvement; that we may cultivate the national intellect, and labour manfully in our generation to upheave the mass of our countrymen, a double step in the scale of comfort and civilization, without divorcing their sympathies from everything ancient, but rather by drawing upon our native resources, and knitting faster the chain of childlike veneration and manly hope, which connects the history of our ancestors and the fortunes of our posterity. In the courage and the struggles of our forefathers against the barbarous hordes from the north, in the gentle blood and the traces\* of archaic civilization which we still inherit, in the peculiar history of our pre-papal Church, and in our own steadfast determination never to betray her to the Romanist by whom she was persecuted of old, or to the dissenter by whom she is now calumniated, we may find securities against that self-contempt from which no people can recover, and incentives to quit ourselves manfully upon whatever stage we may be called to fill.

“ If our neighbours boast with pride  
 Higher rank or richer store,  
 By our land we still abide,  
 She will need our love the more.”

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\* As a mere instance, there is evidence in the Transactions of the Royal Society, that either inoculation or vaccination (I forget which) was practised in South Wales before either Lady M. W. Montague, or Dr. Jenner.

It is not then with any stupid dreams of traditional vindictiveness, from which the sound practical sense of my countrymen would sufficiently preserve them, but in order to awaken some such hopeful and unselfish feelings as those above mentioned, that I have risked my little venture. It seemed proper for this purpose, that the land of the Bards should be addressed in song, though my vocation was rather to prose. Animated by this object, I shall not shrink from a little wholesome ridicule,\* though for my very object's sake only I dread utter failure. In fine, it is on this account that I shall await the verdict of the public, and especially of my countrymen, on this little book, with an interest which no personal hope or fear could easily awaken.

\* Or even from the "hurdy-gurdy" condemnation of the *Athenæum*, which, however, I humbly deprecate, just as the ancients strove to propitiate the Furies and other malignant deities.

## II.

FOR the following document the author of the poems is in no way responsible, except in so far as he has ventured without formal permission to insert it as an appendix. It expresses so fully the practical view in which the threatened mutilation of the Welsh church appears to those most competent to judge of the measure, that (notwithstanding a certain ponderous dignity of style which threatens to crush his lighter wares) he could not resist the temptation to introduce it as a comment upon his poems relating to the same subject.

The reader should bear in mind, that many other arguments have on due occasions been employed ; that when the Welsh clergy urged the evil of interfering with church government, they were accused of nonjuring tendencies ; when they laid stress on the primitive descent and peculiar antiquity of their see, they were ridiculed as sentimentalists ; when they exposed the crying injustice of the plan upheld by Mr. Spring Rice, (this must be a different person from Lord Monteaale,) for transferring their revenues to Manchester, they were accused of looking to the loaves and fishes ; it remained only for them to detail fully the practical bearing of this evil measure upon their church, and in this point of view alone their arguments may be deemed conclusive against it. Whatever may be the result, whether what was once a national church is to die away and have its doom accelerated by its friends, or whether our cry for either justice or mercy may at length prevail ; some men, at least, among us will be able to say, "*Curavimus Babylonem*"—" *liberavimus animas nostras.*"

They will not have ceased to protest, while any remnant of hope redeemed their resistance from the charge of obstinacy or vindictiveness, against a measure iniquitous in itself, and rendered worse by the meanness of the arguments with which it has been defended—a measure in which poverty pays,

directly or indirectly, to wealth, and ancient bulwarks are destroyed when their protection is more than ever needed—in which bishops are taught ecclesiastical government by soldiers, and less regard is paid to the earnest voice of the church than to the outcry of any denomination of dissenters—a measure which sacrifices the church to the state, the bishopric to the barony, the spiritual to the temporal, the divine to the human, the everlasting laws of right and wrong to the dubious appearance of expediency—a measure, of which the greatest recommendation is, that it adds obstinacy to rashness, and, by alienating our friends, pleases, though it does not conciliate, our enemies—and in defence of which, the soundest arguments are supplied by the Duke of Wellington's – divinity, and Lord Stanley's – arithmetic.

*“ To the Very Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. &c.*

“ We the undersigned archdeacons, rural deans, and parochial clergy in the diocese of St. Asaph, cannot approach your grace without expressing our veneration for the high office which the Great Head of the Church has committed to your trust as its chief spiritual superintendent in this kingdom, and our grateful sense of the mild and affectionate manner in which your authority has been ever exercised. With these feelings we are emboldened once again to renew our endeavours to awaken your sympathy and secure your protection under circumstances deeply affecting the interests of that church.

“ Provision was made by an Act of Parliament passed in the 6th and 7th years of his late majesty King William the IVth, for uniting the two sees of St. Asaph and Bangor. We have never ceased to feel the pernicious bearing of this enactment upon the efficiency of the North Wales episcopate, and have from time to time, with

earnestness tempered by respect and not dismayed by failure, sought the repeal of this measure by remonstrances and petitions both to your grace and the two Houses of Parliament. Disheartened indeed, but not in despair, at the rejection by our natural protectors of our repeated entreaties, and with feelings more alive to the injury threatened, as the period of the proposed union approaches, we cannot refrain from renewing our solicitations on behalf of a falling church, though our arguments may appear feeble from familiarity or irksome from repetition.

“ We are aware that there are arrayed against us persons distinguished not only by station but by ability and eloquence: but we would urge upon your grace the simple fact, that the opinion of those practically acquainted with the circumstances of the church in North Wales, the prelates who have long presided over it and the subordinate clergy, is almost unanimous on our side; and no theoretical dreams or flowers of speech can persuade us that the withdrawal of one half of our episcopal superintendence can prove other than a fatal blow to the welfare of a church already deserted by her children, and menaced by active foes with no distant ruin. The question is, not whether our church may drag on an enfeebled existence under one bishop, because the united sees may not be greater in extent than some English dioceses; but whether an act of spoliation and injustice shall debar the church of North Wales from all hope of winning back by apostolic zeal a population whose estrangement is already ripening into enmity; whether what is now weak shall be still farther enfeebled; whether, of what is now barely sufficient for our exigencies, one half shall be swept away; whether labours already sufficiently onerous for the

strength of two prelates shall overwhelm the energies and destroy the efficiency of one.

“But while we have reason to lament the array of eloquence and ability against our views, we feel the greatest satisfaction in pointing to several persons of the soundest judgment and most exalted character, who have happily been convinced of the error of their former opinions, and are now prepared to do late justice to our dioceses. Of these are some of the very Commissioners who originated the proposal for union of the sees. They are persuaded, that an injury hastily inflicted need not be permanent; that the necessity of repealing even recent Acts of Parliament is frequently made manifest; that, in the present case the integrity of the North Wales’ dioceses should be preserved; and that this measure of tardy justice will involve no interference with the other provisions of the Act, but that without the abstraction of our episcopal revenues, an ample fund will be applicable to the endowment of a bishopric at Manchester.

“We need scarcely remind your grace of the peculiar difficulties attending the execution of the episcopal functions in North Wales, as compared with the generality of English dioceses. Not only is our population diverse in language and divided in religion, but the patronage which assigns to each of our flocks a pastor, and to each of our clergy a maintenance, is almost universally in the bishop’s hands. To exercise rightly so important a power would require a knowledge of character which could be gained only from personal intercourse; and whether we consider the character of the country or the means of its inhabitants, we cannot expect any communication sufficiently frequent for the above purpose to subsist between the bishop and the clergy of a see which would comprehend the whole of North Wales.

From the facilities given by recent Acts of Parliament, inducements are afforded for arrangements only to be carried out under the sanction of the diocesan, in subdividing our enormous parishes and building new churches and schools, to connect the increasing and scattered population with the established church. These good works, however partially commenced, can neither be general nor adequate to the exigencies of our church, without greater efforts and more personal superintendence than it will ever be in the power of one prelate to bestow: and if these most necessary measures be not continued with zeal, supported by the suggestions and the aid of authority, no check can be expected to the dissent already too prevalent among us; the precise causes of which may be disputed, but are at all events not likely to be removed by lessening our spiritual superintendence. Overwhelmed already by the variety and mass of religious principles subversive of the doctrine and discipline of the church, we have now still farther to lament the foundation of a college planted by the Church of Rome in the heart of this diocese, and in sight of the cathedral marked for degradation; a college, perhaps destined to shelter a dangerous pretender to the office of bishop in that primitive fold, from which the legitimate pastor is to be so cruelly torn. Thus the post deserted by our own church, the Church of Rome will occupy; and we tremble to anticipate how far doctrines, from which North Wales has been hitherto remarkably free, may be disseminated by opponents to whose watchful zeal our weakness will have betrayed such ground of advantage.

We cannot but refer also to an argument forced upon us by the extent and situation of North Wales. It is with dismay that we glance at the possibility that age or in-



firmity should incapacitate the diocesan of such a district from rightly distributing his enormous patronage and exercising his episcopal functions. Where, in our half-insular position, could we look for assistance? Chester, Hereford, St. David's, the nearest in proximity, are very far removed from us, and each is overwhelmed with its peculiar burdens. Which of these bishops would have the leisure of a day to contribute to the pressing exigencies of our increasing population, a population at this day more numerous in one diocese than that of both, when two bishops were thought necessary for our superintendence? What human encouragement in their parochial labours will remain to the clergy, when the whole cycle of preferment is arranged, and the social prospects of their body are decided without the aid of personal and immediate supervision, and with no adequate reference to their learning or length of service, to their zeal or fitness for their charge?

“ We will not further weary your grace with oft-repeated statements of the difficulties which we dread; but we consider it incumbent upon us to raise our voice against the insufficient remedy of a proposition contained in a Bill before the House of Lords, for the appropriation of our episcopal revenues in aid of the incomes of the smaller vicarages in North Wales. Poor as the Welsh clergy proverbially are, they consider this no question of worldly gain, but as a matter of serious consequence to the supervision of the clergy, and the spiritual welfare of the people under their charge; and they would repudiate the idea of an increase in their stipends being any compensation for the loss which the diocese would sustain in its religious interests. But we have yet to learn on what grounds this diocese is not to share with the

rest of England and Wales in the general savings of the ecclesiastical Commissioners, without paying in the confiscation of its bishopric a price which is not required from any other part of the kingdom. On what principle, it may be respectfully asked, is our large contribution to the general fund from sinecure rectories and other sources to be studiously overlooked? And why is such a penal distinction drawn between ourselves and the people of the north of England, that while they enjoy simultaneously the augmentation of their smaller benefices and the erection of new sees, we, who in proportion contribute also largely to the general fund, must purchase any improvement in our smaller benefices by the additional sacrifice of our own most ancient and most needed bishopric? We do trust that your grace, to whom we naturally look up for sympathy and protection, may not turn a deaf ear to our petitions. We deprecate no real reforms, and ask the retention of no abuses: we would respectfully submit to your grace that no such desire on our part can fairly be inferred from our mere anxiety to preserve our primitive episcopate. We are more solicitous for the existence of our bishop than for his income and temporal rank, though we have no desire to see these invidiously lowered. We leave to your grace's wisdom the option of the many modes by which it has been suggested that our paramount object may be attained; by none of which does it appear that any obstacle need arise to other arrangements, or any spirit of hostility be roused against the church. Rather, it may be contended, our struggle involves the best interests of the whole Church of England. For, if it be an established principle that

she is henceforward to despair of any increase in the number of her bishops, there remains but slender probability that she will ever again fulfil her task of evangelizing the nation, or hold with firm grasp the vast outgrowth of a population too long neglected. Then, indeed, the living will have been yoked to the dead, and "the kingdom of heaven" sacrificed to the most shortsighted policy of earth.

"Convinced as we are, that your grace's example would be all-powerful in turning the scale of Parliamentary opinion in our favour, we earnestly implore your grace not to adhere pertinaciously to a measure passed under an imperfect knowledge of our ecclesiastical circumstances—when the opinions of those best versed in our position were unconsulted or wholly disregarded—when we little contemplated the bereavement to be inflicted, and when the minds of churchmen were paralyzed by the threatening aspect of the times, and there was therefore that want of active exertion and opposition which is now erroneously construed into concurrence—a measure entailing upon us the most pernicious consequences, and now almost universally condemned not only by our venerable prelates and the whole church in North Wales, but by the clergy of the entire kingdom."

THE END.

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